Revenge of the Lawyers • Lives of the Poets
Russians Eye Rhodesia • Republicans Court Blacks

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 6, 1978

Price One Dollar

The Immortal Chaplin

Stanley Kauffmann

RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 44017

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
May 6, 1978

Invisible Man Bites Dog

A lot of things don't get into the papers because of news invisibility. A murder is one thing—but a social trend is another. A social trend may change nations but not cause headlines—not for a while at least. As examples, let's start with Manuel Gomez and end up with General Motors. Gomez hasn't a cent to his name; GM is so big it could put the treasuries of half a dozen small nations into its spare change pocket. But both of them, I think, in certain aspects, represent news invisibility, an incapacity to see trends and events that affect our lives.

Manuel Gomez is just one of the Mexican illegal immigrants who come over the border by thousands every night. They are so common that the other day some were introduced at the White House to talk to presidential assistant Margaret Costanza; one had been deported five times. At first you wonder about such guests; you say it is as though Harding had entertained bootleggers during Prohibition. But no; these aren't "illegal" aliens anymore; they have been re-designated as "undocumented aliens." That is easier for their sensibilities and for those of the friendly Mexican government, which would probably explode if the safety valve of the north were suddenly closed.

Nobody knows how many illegal undocumented aliens there are in the United States but demographers say that in a year or two the largest racial minority won't be the blacks, it will be the Hispanics, supposed to number now about 12 million—two-thirds Mexican.

News invisibility pretty well covers John J. Gilligan, administrator of the Agency for International Development, who discussed the subject in Boston last week:

"Mexico has the largest growth rate in the world. It is projected that by the year 2000 Mexico City alone will have a population of 28 million and will be the largest city of this earth. Already, because of lack of employment, 15 to 20 percent of the adult population of Mexico has crossed the border illegally and is at work in the United States, sometimes taking jobs that might be filled by Americans and contributing to welfare rolls and other city problems."

The facts are well known, but uncomfortable; nobody knows what to do about them—better let them alone. They are part of a much bigger problem. It's a global race between food and population, with the world birthrate coming down but world food production not rising fast enough to meet the probable crisis two generations hence. AID population expert R. T. Ravenholt told a House committee under Representative James Scheuer last week that world growth has fallen in the past decade from two percent a year to 1.51 percent, thereby knocking off, by my reckoning, some 300 million people. That's a lot of people.

Mexico's growth rate, as Gilligan said, is one of the highest on earth: about 3.4 percent annually. The US rate is about 0.6 percent (not counting undocumenteds). There are presently around seven million people unemployed in the United States. Last year the Border Patrol caught a million aliens trying to make surreptitious entry and for each one caught, it is said, another one (or two) gets across. There is no penalty if caught, just deportation. An observer remarked in the *London Economist* of April 22 that if the US closed off the flow, "there would be an explosion in Mexico. The reverberations would be felt throughout the Hemisphere."

Another piece of invisible news, that has nothing whatever to do with Manuel Gomez and his non-documents, involves General Motors. Here again I am only taking GM as a symbol of something bigger—and GM is already the world's largest industrial corporation. Last week a Senate subcommittee got out a 999-page report that would have made Louis Brandeis, the great liberal jurist, sigh. Back in 1913 Brandeis said, "The practice of interlocking directorates is the root of many evils. It offends laws human and divine." The report got little attention. It was semi-invisible. In the words of Judith Miller in *The New York Times*, it indicates "that virtually all of America's most powerful companies are linked together, directly or indirectly, by the men and women who sit on their boards."

The growing concentration of corporate assets has been studied for years. The custom is to accept it. If you hear some long-haired radical on a soap box charging that "200 firms own a third of America's factories" step up to him firmly. Throw out your chest, pretend you are Frank Merriwell.

"Sir," inform him icily, "I regret to inform you that your facts are out of date. The truth is, sir, that the top 200 corporations own not *one-third* of all assets used in manufacturing but just under *two-thirds*." That should make the crowd titter.

Willard Mueller of the University of Wisconsin, former chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission, and the monitor of such matters, tells me that the figure of concentration was 47.7 percent back in 1950, but today it is 61.4 percent.

The new Senate study, undertaken by the late Senator Lee Metcalf, Democrat of Montana, does not deal specifically with concentration. It deals instead with how these corporate giants intertwine. Their directors form a club; they are the unelected senators of a kind of American third house of parliament. Does GM talk to AT&T? You bet it does. The study singles out, for example, the 13 biggest companies, the mightiest of the mighty: GM, Chase Manhattan, Exxon, Metropolitan Life, Texaco, Prudential and so on. Each of them is interlocked through board membership with around 70 percent of the 117 next largest giants and with each other; together the 13 account for 240 direct and 5547 indirect interlocks. Once upon a time this sort of thing was big news. "The masters of the government of the US," said Woodrow Wilson, "are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the US." He didn't like it. But the anti-Big Business war was fought and lost. Fifty years later a maverick member of the FCC, Nicholas Johnson, said resignedly, "I think basically you have to start with a realization that the country is principally run by big business for the rich." Rather crude, perhaps. Actually, the antitrust laws do prevent the coarser kind of domestic conspiracy. But the new multinationals have introduced the international conspiracy as when ITT cooperated with the CIA against left-wing Salvador Allende in Chile. At home, not much attention is paid to bigness anymore; it has news invisibility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Navasky on Weinstein on Navasky on Weinstein on Hiss and Chambers

Victor Navasky's reply to Allen Weinstein's defense of his book, *Perjury* (*TNR*, April 29), will appear in next week's correspondence column.

The best defense . . .

To the editors:

Michael Walzer's article on Israel's operation in Lebanon, although short in length, is long on distorted logic ("Israel in Lebanon," *TNR*, Apr. 8). Mr. Walzer contends that Israeli soldiers are so well trained that they could enter each terrorist stronghold and shoot it out almost "eyeball to eyeball." Is he aware that many of the Israeli youngsters killed in this action were killed by mines and booby traps?

If the PLO chooses to set up their bases in refugee camps and villages, that is their decision. Is it incumbent upon Israel to endanger the lives of its citizens even further by ignoring the employment of aircraft and artillery and conduct the war against terrorists in what would amount to a "wild west" shoot-out? Remember, Marshall Dillon never gunned a man from behind. Nonsense. Israeli lives are as precious as anyone else's and must be protected.

Rabbi Norman Saul Goldman
Congregation Beth Am Israel
Narberth, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

I wonder if those readers who chide you about your lack of objectivity when it comes to the Arabs did the same when the former editor of your journal displayed a definite bias against Israel, both in articles and opinions. I wonder also if they are writing to *Newsweek*, *Time*, *New Times*, *Nation* and the preponderance of other magazines which, like blackbirds on a wire, have seen fit for a variety of reasons to echo each other's anti-Israeli statements of opinion which they camouflage as news reporting. Aided and abetted by the coalition of the left and the right and the ever-growing strength of the Arabist wing of the State Department, journalistic forces against Israel are having a veritable field day.

Rather than being criticized, the editor of *The New Republic* should be commended for having the integrity to report things as they are, even though you may offend some of the more doctrinaire liberals.

Harold Leinwand
Michigan City, Indiana

The Editor replies:

The previous editor of *TNR* and I may not have been in full agreement in our views on the Middle East. But my predecessor hardly had "a definite bias against Israel." Not by a long shot. There are many articles which could be cited to prove the point. See, for example, his editorial "The Israel Victory" (*TNR*, June 17, 1967).

"In" hospital

To the editors:

I want to respond publicly to certain comments attributed to me in your April 22 Correspondence section.

In that section, I am cited as having said that "David Marston was at least 'peripherally aware' of the (Hahnemann Hospital) project, because a memo describing it—written by Representative Dan Flood—was passed around the office."

This has no relation to fact or to what I actually said during my conversation with your reporter. First, the memo allegedly written by Representative Flood does not exist and never did. Second, this non-existent memo or any other memo relating to Hahnemann Hospital was never "passed around" our office.

The only information relating to the Hahnemann Hospital appropriation which existed in our office in 1975 existed as part of a briefing book prepared for Senator Schweiker by a legislative aide in our office—not David Marston—for the Senator's use at an Appropriations Committee meeting on the $15 billion supplemental appropriation bill of which the $14.5 million Hahnemann appropriation was a small part.

This information did involve a brief description of the Hahnemann item (as well as dozens of items in the bill), but it definitely was not written by Representative Flood, and it was not passed around the office.

The important facts, which I discussed in detail with your reporter, are as follows: David Marston did not attend the May 12, 1975, meeting; David Marston had no dealing whatsoever with the Hahnemann appropriations item; and David Marston was not even aware of its existence.

Thank you for bringing the true facts to the attention of your readers.

Ned Kelly
Press Secretary to
Senator Richard S. Schweiker

In reply:

As the reporter in question, I can only say that my memory of our conversation contradicts Mr. Kelly's account of it. The contradiction makes me skeptical of his earlier assertion that Marston was kept out of the discussions of Hahnemann Hospital.

E.M.

No leaf unturned

To the editors:

Your American readers who troubled to read Joyce Carol Oates's remarkable review of *One Half of Robertson Davies* (*TNR*, Apr. 15) can properly claim to have taken a survey course in Canadian Literature—Can Lit. 303.

Trevor Lautens
Vancouver, British Columbia

Travelers beware

To the editors:

In "Unwelcome Visitors" (*TNR*, Apr. 8), you suggest that the U.S. Embassy in Managua is taking a refreshing new role of "strict neutrality" in Nicaraguan affairs. It seems that, contrary to your hopes, the U.S. Embassy remains a watchdog for the repressive Somoza regime. Proof of this is that the American businessman, Arthur Chariton, was turned over to the Nicaraguan authorities by our embassy officials. He was also physically beaten by the Nicaraguans on the way back to his jail cell at the military hospital.

Such actions severely shatter our cherished national fantasies concerning the protection available to U.S. citizens abroad.

Wendell H. Cox
Chicago, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

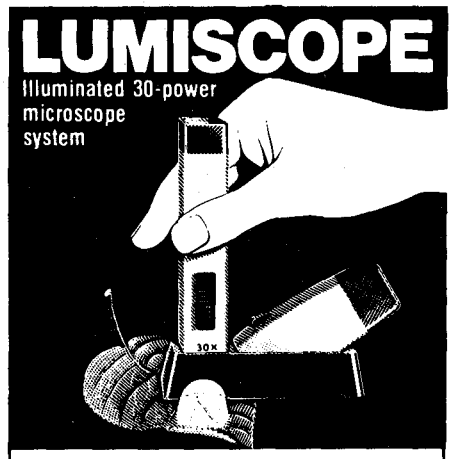
A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 178, No. 18, Issue 3304, May 6, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 205 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: Drawing of Charlie Chaplin by Vint Lawrence. Article on page 18.

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	Invisible Man Bites Dog
	3	Correspondence
Comment	5	Europe Plays Grown-up
Ken Bode	6	Mating Dance
Eliot Marshall	9	Revenge is Lucrative
Charles Fenyvesi	11	The Middleman Cometh
John Osborne	12	White House Watch: Fluff
Tad Szulc	14	Russia's African Ambitions
Nathan Lewin	15	Swapping Indictments
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	18	Films
John Canaday	23	Art
		Books Considered
Richard S. Slotkin	25	Lost Tribes and Promised Lands by Ronald Sanders
Alasdair MacIntyre	28	Lying by Sissela Bok Right and Wrong by Charles Fried Ethics at the Edges of Life by Paul Ramsey
Marjorie Perloff	30	Remembering Poets by Donald Hall
Enoch Brater	32	The Theater Essays of Arthur Miller edited by Robert A. Martin
Washington Diarist	38	Saint Alive



Your first look through **Lumiscope** will evoke gasp of surprise and disbelief. Because now, in brilliantly illuminated field, you will discover mini-structure of inanimate and living things. Discern undreamed-of new detail in stamps, coins, fibers. Have you ever observed life teeming within a drop of water; the awesome finesse in the wing of a moth; or the intricate structure of a simple aspen leaf? **Lumiscope** will unfold all this for you and much more. Exquisite German optical system consists of microscope, light source (with batteries) and stand, in fitted case. Order **Lumiscope** today, for entire new look at "mini-world" around you!

779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120 **henniker's**

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Yes, subject to 2-weeks return privilege and one year guarantee for parts and workmanship, please send me:

__ **Lumiscopes** @ $29.95 ea.
__ **Measuring Lumiscopes** (3mm-1/10mm reticle) @ $39.95 ea.
☐ My check for this amount, plus $1 per shipment for post./ins. (plus tax for CA deliv. only) is enclosed.
☐ Charge my BA/MC account:
#_____Exp. ____

or for fastest service call **TOLL FREE (800) 648-5311**
IN NEVADA (800) 992-5710 | IN SF BAY AREA CALL 433-7540

My name is _____
I live at _____
In _____State____Zip_____

NR0506

The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Art Director—*Grace B. Paine*
Copy Editor—*Constance Bond*
Literary Assistant—*Catherine O'Neill*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna J. Melson*
Feature Syndicate Director—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Doris Rubien, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
Assistant Advertising Manager—*Deborah Striner*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Truitt*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Production Assistant—*Barbara Ledeen*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 6, 1978

Europe Plays Grown-up

A time-out seems to have been called in what West German editor Theo Sommer calls "the international spitball contest" between European leaders and President Carter. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt reportedly told Defense Secretary Harold Brown that he was determined not to let the bad personal chemistry between himself and Carter undermine US-German cooperation. During press appearances in London, Schmidt and Prime Minister James Callaghan last week did all they could to downplay or deny European unhappiness with Carter's economic and security policies. *The Economist* of London, reflecting the mood, said that "those who wish America well must now hope that the giddy slide in its president's fortunes is coming to an end." Europe seems to hope, with much of America, that the Panama Canal victory, Wall Street's revival and Carter's shape-up resolutions at Camp David are the beginning of better things for Washington. Even the French seem to be taking pressure off Carter by denying, after all, that they were ready to produce their neutron bombs if Carter had decided not to supply them.

But this gift of an opportunity for Carter to get his act together does not mean that major substantive disagreements do not exist between Europe and the United States. The Europeans, especially the Germans, remain unhappy with US economic policies, and some of them are suspicious that our policies are directed against them. President Carter tried and failed to persuade Germany to stimulate its economy in order to provide an "engine" for world economic recovery. Many Germans think that the administration purposely allowed the dollar to sink as a way of forcing a change in German economic policy.

Similar suspicions infect European attitudes toward US energy and nuclear policies. The United States is seen not only as an energy wastrel, but as a nation using its arms to bribe Saudi Arabia and Iran to pump oil to the limits of their capacities. The Europeans, totally dependent on oil imports, think the US is undermining their long-term interests by using up the world's oil so fast. In an oil crunch, many Europeans fear, the US might use its special relationships with oil producers to satisfy its own needs and let the rest of the world run out of petrol.

While claiming that they share President Carter's concern about nuclear material falling into the hands of terrorists, many Europeans also think US policies discriminate against energy-dependent countries which need nuclear power to run their economies. The Europeans are especially unhappy with terms of the Nuclear Non-proliferation Act of 1978, recently passed by Congress, which requires renegotiation of 30 separate international agreements on transfers of nuclear technology and fuel. One European diplomat complained, "If we reach an agreement with you that is supposed to last until 1985, how can your Congress come along and invalidate it? What would you say if our parliament did that?"

Perhaps most serious of all, there is growing doubt in Europe about US resolve toward the Soviet Union and US dedication to the defense of Western Europe. This doubt seems unwarranted, in view of President Carter's decision to increase the US defense budget specifically to strengthen NATO. It is ironic, in view of complaints from Asian allies—and even from the US Navy—that the Carter administration seems to have redrawn the US security perimeter to include Europe and the Persian Gulf, while leaving everything else outside. Europe's discomfort also seems unjustified in view of what allied governments acknowledge to be an unprecedented willingness by the United States to consult with them about positions the US proposes to take in arms negotiations with the Soviets.

And yet, European diplomats, journalists and politicians persistently express concern about the US commitment to defend Europe. American SALT positions, especially, remind some Europeans of their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worries of the 1960s, when they asked nervously: "Would you trade New York for Paris (or Berlin, or London)?" There are rumblings that Europe may face a choice between Gaullist go-it-aloneism or "Finlandization"—that is, appeasement toward the Soviet Union.

The European nightmares arise from the possibility that the United States might allow the Soviets to achieve overwhelming nuclear superiority in the European region. This could occur if no limits are placed on Soviet production of SS-20 mobile intermediate range missiles and Backfire bombers, or if the United States does not match these Soviet developments either with long-range cruise missiles or with new European-based ballistic missiles. In the SALT talks, the Carter administration is prepared to agree that for three years we will not build cruise missiles with ranges longer than 600 kilometers (no danger to the Soviet heartland) nor test them with ranges longer than 2500 kilometers. The Europeans are concerned that this agreement will establish a precedent for limiting cruise missiles to 600 kilometers even after the three-year period, meaning that the Soviets would have massive and modern means for hitting European targets, but that the West would be limited in its ability to strike the Soviet Union from Europe.

Theoretically, the Soviets could not use their superiority either militarily or politically without being threatened with retaliation from US nuclear weapons based in the United States or at sea. But this is where questions of trust and credibility arise. If Paris is threatened, would we risk New York? Charles DeGaulle harbored doubts about the answer even when the US enjoyed clear nuclear superiority over the Soviets. Now, when parity prevails between the superpowers, some Europeans get more nervous.

In the late 1950s and 1960s, French and British lack of trust in the United States—perhaps "prudence" is a better way to describe their attitude—led them to build small nuclear deterrent forces of their own to create "coupling" between nuclear threats to Europe and to the United States—that is, to guarantee themselves that the United States would be dragged into nuclear war if Europe's survival were in peril. NATO allies also considered developing a multilateral nuclear force that could jointly respond to a threat to Europe, although it never was clear whether such a force would encourage the US to get into a nuclear war in Europe or would "decouple" the US by enhancing Europe's ability to defend itself.

The MLF idea was dropped as too complicated but the issues are coming back again. Would a Europe-based cruise missile force, or a new deep-strike missile system in Europe be "de-coupling" or would they strengthen US ties to Europe? Would the Soviets be more deterred from attacking Europe by nuclear weapons based in Europe or by the prospect of being struck from the United States? Many Europeans seem persuaded that it would be a good idea to have Europe-based cruise missiles available as an option, and they are worried that the US may trade the option away in SALT.

The Carter administration insists that it is not trading away US ability to build long-range cruise missiles for any longer than three years and has specifically left an option open for transferring some cruise missile technology to the European allies. Some administration officials, in fact, exhibit irritation with European nervousness about US credibility. "They're projecting their own feelings onto us. They know they'd never risk Paris for New York, so they assume we feel the same," one official said.

There is also irritation in the administration at European inconsistency about consultations. "They want to be consulted when it suits them, and they want us to play Big Daddy when it doesn't," said a high-ranking US official. He was referring specifically to charges that the Carter administration had "changed the rules" on Europe by insisting that West Germany agree to accept neutron warheads on its territory before Carter would agree to produce them. "The Europeans remind me of teenage boys," this official said. "If you tell them they're grown up and can make their own decisions now, they say you don't love them and threaten to go outside and eat worms. The fact is that they are grown up. We expect to consult with them and we expect them to take responsibility for decisions with us."

Some Americans express fear that Europeans, having become accustomed to American leadership in nuclear matters over the past 30 years, will withhold criticism of US arms policies even if they feel that European vital interests are being undermined. Such fears may be justified, for we can understand how European leaders would not want to be blamed for causing the defeat of a strategic weapons treaty with the Soviet Union. But we hope that Europe will speak up—not to snipe, but to make its views and its interests clear. The Carter administration claims to be inaugurating a new era of US-European candor, and Europe should take up the challenge.

Blacks and Republicans curtsy and bow, but aren't too certain about the next step.

Mating Dance

Bill Brock and Jesse Jackson are an odd political coupling.

Brock, millionaire heir to a candy fortune, is chairman of the Republican National Committee. As a first term congressman in 1964, he supported Barry Goldwater for president. Six years later, Brock

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

challenged Democratic Senator Albert Gore, campaigning as an opponent of school busing and a backer of school prayer. Gore lost, and *The Almanac of American Politics* describes the campaign in the following terms: "Probably more than any other sitting senator, Brock owes his place in the Senate to shrewd exploitation of racial fears and prejudice." Brock became a favorite of the Nixon White House. In 1972, he headed up the youth division of the Committee to Re-Elect.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson is a master practitioner of the soaring evangelical rhetoric characteristic of southern black preachers. He is the founder of Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity), an organization that involves itself in picketing, protesting, boycotting and various other maneuvers not characteristic of the Republican mainstream. As a young seminarian in North Carolina, Jackson cut his teeth on the civil rights struggles of the early 1960s, winding up as a close personal aide of Martin Luther King Jr. Since his student days, Jackson has indicated a partiality for the candidates and programs offered by the Democrats.

They may make an odd combination, but nevertheless, there was Jesse Jackson next to Brock on the dais of the Republican National Committee, delivering a stemwinder of a talk to an audience of standing, cheering Republicans. The next month, back in his home bailiwick of Chicago, Jackson was chief sponsor and keynote speaker of an event which was called Black Republican Day.

Like any good alliance, the Brock-Jackson mutual cooperation pact is grounded in the self-interest of both parties. For Brock, it began in the 1976 election, when he collided against Jim Sasser, a Democrat who never before had run for public office, and narrowly lost his Senate seat. An important element in the election that made Brock a former senator was the large number of Tennessee blacks who turned out to cast a presidential vote for Jimmy Carter, and the fact that 93 percent of them also backed Sasser.

The most memorable lessons in politics are those learned firsthand. When he became chairman of the RNC, Brock discovered that he was not the only Republican done in by the Democratic habit of black voters. According to statistics compiled by the Joint Center for Political Studies, a Washington research group, the 90-plus percent of all black votes cast for Jimmy Carter provided his winning margin—and sometimes two or three times that margin—in at least 13 states, accounting for 216 electoral votes. Carter beat Ford by 56 electoral votes. In that same election, nine senators and 45 house members received over 80 percent of the black vote. All were white and all were Democrats.

Those figures also impressed Jesse Jackson. Jackson also recognized that blacks often were getting very little leverage out of their persistent support for Democratic candidates. Jackson is blunt with his Republican audiences. "Mutual need is the basis of an alliance. Black people need the Republican Party to compete for us so that we have real alternatives for meeting our needs. The Republican Party needs black people if it is to ever compete for national office or, in fact, to keep it from becoming an extinct national party. The only protection people have politically is to remain necessary. We [blacks] must pursue a strategy that prohibits one party from taking us for granted and the other from writing us off."

Of black votes in the 1976 presidential election, Jackson charged, "Republicans did not get them because they simply did not go after them. We were abandoned, and you paid the price for it."

Black Americans have not been playing one-party politics for all that long. In his two presidential victories, Richard Nixon was opposed by roughly 90 percent of all black voters, but in his narrow loss to JFK in 1960, Nixon won nearly a third of the black vote. The key event in this shift of allegiances, according to political scientist Everett Carll Ladd Jr., was the 1964 election. Until then, it was not clear which of the parties would be the party of civil rights. Outside the South, the Democrats were more committed, but the GOP was not burdened by a large anti-civil-rights southern wing. Then, as Ladd puts it, "In an act of extreme stupidity, the GOP squandered that advantage when the Goldwater Republicans seized the cloak of racial resistance that the Democrats, by themselves, had been unable to shed."

As national chairman, Bill Brock is proving to be a nuts and bolts technician, determined to take whatever steps he must, first to forestall extinction, then to begin rebuilding the GOP from its present status as the seemingly permanent minority. One program he has initiated, which is popular with all elements of the party, is his effort to attract more black votes. One professional says in support of the idea, "Brock wants to raise the Republican base among blacks from its present eight-to-12 percent up to around 15 or 20 percent. In the present state of disenchantment with Carter and other Democrats, that should be possible and it could make a lot of difference in marginal races."

One of Brock's first steps was to give $250,000 to two southern, black, Republican political consultants, John McNeill and Bob Wright of Columbus, Georgia. McNeill and Wright advise white Republican candidates where and how to campaign in black neighborhoods, churches and social events. Then, according to McNeill, "based on an assessment of our candidate, the opponent and the constituency, we put together a package to see if the black vote is obtainable." One element of that package is being certain that the Republicans don't take rigid positions on matters of particular sensitivity in the black community. One of his toughest jobs, McNeill says, is to get his candidates to offer alternatives to things they're against. If they're

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the minimum wage, for example, then what are they for?

The GOP suffers from an image among blacks as the party that turned away from the legacy of Lincoln. Right now, blacks are not willing to take the Republican Party seriously, the consultants admit. "The party hasn't given us much to carry back to our people lately, except a lot of vetoes on symbolically important issues."

Some Republicans believe that to reach core Democratic constituencies like blacks and blue collar union members, the party must first find a way to bypass a hostile leadership element. "Republicans don't communicate directly with blacks," says Reagan operative David Keene, "but rather through a layer of black leaders whose loyalties and interests lie entirely with the Democrats. Blacks show up in the polls as the category of citizens most concerned about crime, for example. But when a Republican candidate says crime is an issue, the GOP comes off as racist and the black voters see the candidate as someone who wants to send in the cops to beat on their heads." Part of the task of McNeill and Wright is to coach white Republicans about how to talk to black voters about crime without using touchy code words like "law and order," which produce an instant, negative reaction.

In part, the hope of a Republican black revival is premised on treating the black vote not as a racial bloc, but rather as any other ethnic vote, certain segments of which are simply not available. Republicans probably cannot outbid the Democrats for the welfare vote, for example. But the black middle class is being squeezed by inflation and taxes just like the white middle class, and the same issues are important for both groups. If race is not brought into a campaign as an issue, the black vote will not necessarily polarize.

Also, sometimes there are sleeper issues among blacks, tailor-made for exploitation even by conservative Republicans. Abortion may be one of these. In surveys taken over the past three years, GOP pollster Arthur Finkelstein has discovered that while white voters normally favor legalized abortion, blacks are consistently opposed, often in proportions as high as two-to-one. Many blacks condemn abortion as a trick of white oppression; of those who favor government funds for abortion, most are probably out of reach of Republican candidates on other issues. In 1976, conservative New York senator James Buckley pitched his stand against abortion directly into the black community through paid advertisements. Even though black doubts about Buckley's Democratic opponent, Daniel Moynihan, also helped, it is still worth noting that Buckley got a higher percentage of black votes in that election than any other Republican candidate for US Senate in the country.

Another part of the Republican program involves recruiting black candidates. In part, that can be accomplished by convincing ambitious young black politicians that the line is a lot shorter on the Republican side. "But that doesn't mean anything if the line is not moving," John McNeill cautions, "and ultimately the selling job for this party still has to be done by whites at the county chairman and county committee levels." All the same, McNeill concedes that Jesse Jackson, Vernon Jordan, Benjamin Hooks and other black leaders who have publicly supported the Brock initiatives are a tremendous help. In one of his statements on the failures of Jimmy Carter, Jordan advised blacks never again to be in a position where they could not leverage their votes. "Those fellows have begun to take away the embarrassment of being a Republican," McNeill says.

A few black political leaders are skeptical of the whole business, concerned that the black-Democratic alliance might come unhinged for the wrong reasons. Julian Bond, for one, believes that Republicans may be able to discombobulate normal voting patterns merely by exploiting black dissatisfaction with the Democrats and running a few ambitious black candidates against white Democrats, even in losing efforts. "All they'll say is, 'The Democrats have taken you for granted; teach them a lesson,'" Bond warns. "That will be a compelling argument to some people, but without specific promises of programs and patronage, blacks who vote Republican will have no increased leverage whatever."

There is some evidence bearing out Bond's point. One of McNeill's and Wright's early successes came in a 1977 special election for congress in Louisiana. The Republican candidate was Robert Livingston, who ran once before and lost, gaining only three percent of the black vote. In his second race, a better tutored Livingston determined to pry away a larger portion of blacks with personal appearances, canvassing and a phone bank operation. McNeill and Wright examined the record of his Democratic opponent, Robert Faucheux, discovering that as a state representative, Faucheux had voted against black interests 39 of 43 times. They also reminded black leaders in the district that Faucheux was backed by the remnants of the old segregationist Leander Perez political machine, which still operates in part of the district.

It worked. Livingston won with about 30 percent of the black vote. Congressman Livingston hasn't been around Washington very long, but by congressional black caucus reckonings he's off to a slow start in repaying that black support. Livingston has been against the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, against indexing the minimum wage and for the subminimum wage for youth—voting each time against the black caucus position.

No one doubts the sincerity of Bill Brock's effort to rebuild Republican fortunes among blacks. Undeniably Jesse Jackson has the credibility and charisma to get things rolling and McNeill, Wright and Associates are professionals who have proved their ability to deliver in the precincts. It's an impressive combination, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jackson has warned Republicans in terms they should understand that the partnership might be limited. "Blacks will vote for Republicans who appeal to their vested interests and engage in reciprocity," he says. Among those interests he cited equity and parity in general and more emphasis on jobs, housing, urban and welfare programs specifically. The hard fact is that when the congressional black caucus ties up those interests into a legislative package and goes shopping for support, it most often comes up short on the Republican side of the aisle—among, say, the Robert Livingstons. How much leverage do you gain by defeating Democrat Robert Faucheux for voting against black interests if you replace him with Republican Robert Livingston who goes and does likewise? If Brock's modest genius scheme to win back the black vote is to succeed in anything but the short run, that has to change.

Ken Bode

And no-fault auto insurance
is bad for the revenge industry.

Revenge is Lucrative

If revenge is what you want, the American Trial Lawyers are for you. Getting even is one of the things they do for clients. Because the trial lawyers earn much of their income by taking grudges to court, they are distressed when they see the realm of vengeance narrowed. They vigorously oppose the concept of no-fault auto insurance because it would reduce the opportunities for fixing blame on guilty drivers.

America's highways are a never-ending source of quarrels. For more than half a century, Americans have been bashing into one another and breaking one another's bones as they drive around in their cars. This fact of life, a misery for those who experience it, has been a bonanza for the trial lawyers. They hire themselves out to the victims as defenders or attackers, either to beat back claims that their clients have inflicted injuries on another party, or else to lay claim to someone else's money as payment for injuries done. Settling car accident disputes is a costly and time-consuming business, said to tie up 17 percent of the resources of the US courts. It is financed by insurance companies. More than 20 cents out of every dollar spent on auto insurance is consumed by the fault-finding process. What's left over is used to finance insurance company operations and pay benefits to the injured. It is a terribly wasteful system.

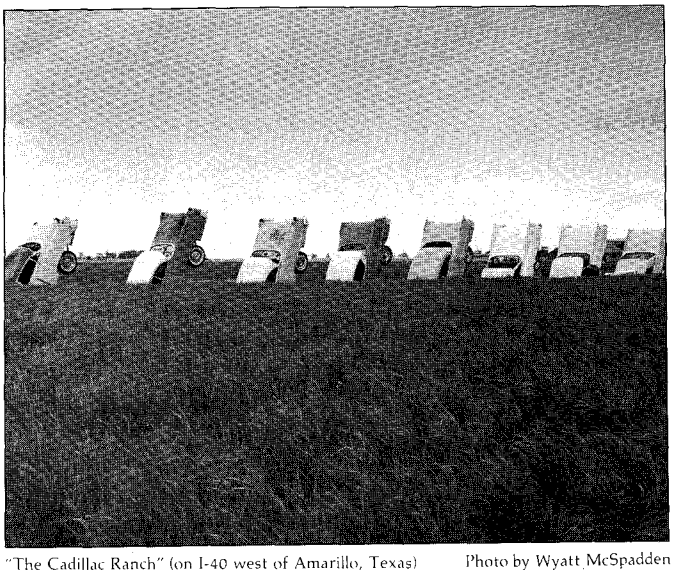
The only reform of auto insurance that's been given national attention in the last decade is called "no-fault" insurance. It was dreamed up by a couple of professors in Massachusetts, where drivers must be unusually reckless and where auto insurance rates are very steep. The plan simply calls for doing away with litigation over minor car accidents. For example, Massachusetts passed a law in 1970 that denies an accident victim or his relatives the opportunity to sue for damages unless the victim died, had medical costs of more than $500 or suffered a fracture, dismemberment, disfigurement, loss of sight or hearing. Every driver is required to buy no-fault insurance to protect against minor accidents. When one gets in a scrape, one simply reports it to the insurance company and collects the money without going to court to determine who caused the accident. Often no one is guilty in any case. No-fault does not protect against suits for major bodily injury, though in some states it does reimburse one for one's own serious injuries. This means that one must buy liability insurance in addition to no-fault, just in case one should become the guilty party in a bloody accident. The traffic and criminal laws still apply under no-fault, so that reckless drivers still are taken to court and tried.

The great promise made for no-fault when it first was introduced was that it would reduce the cost of insurance while accomplishing the socially desirable goals of removing some of the clutter from the courts and distributing insurance benefits more equitably. No-fault's promoters expected that the 20 to 25 cents of the insurance premium dollar that pays for adjudicating fault could be reduced to one or two cents by eliminating the small lawsuits. The savings would be returned to the policyholder as a price reduction, they thought, or else used to make benefits more generous. On the basis of this promise, 15 states followed Massachusetts's lead and enacted no-fault bills. The scheme appears to be accomplishing its social purposes, but the savings have not materialized, for reasons to be explained later.

The American Trial Lawyers Association has fought no-fault in the states with some success, stopping it altogether in some places, and in others retaining a broad domain for accident litigation side-by-side with the no-fault system, thus vitiating the integrity of the reform. ATLA also has fought against a federal no-fault policy, which has been a-borning since 1970. The first bill was introduced in Congress by the late Senator Philip Hart. It has gone through several rewritings, nearly won approval from the Senate in 1976 and now is embodied in S. 1381 and H.R. 6601, both in committee mark-up last week. The federal plan, in brief, would require the states to enact no-fault legislation that meets a federal standard within two years of the bill's enactment, or else have the federal government impose a model plan. Sponsors of the bill believe there will be a floor vote on it this summer. The lobbying already has begun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The lawyers make their case against the plan in principled terms, though a lot of self-interest is at work too. Robert Begam, president of the ATLA, testified in Senate hearings last July that by limiting the right to sue, no-fault deprives "innocent victims" of a tradition-



"The Cadillac Ranch" (on I-40 west of Amarillo, Texas) Photo by Wyatt McSpadden

al right and instead gives new benefits to "speeders and tailgaters and light crashers and drunk drivers." As Begam put it, "The innocent subsidizing the guilty. That is the premise of this proposal." Even the mighty American Bar Association stooped to endorse the trial lawyers' theme. In a special report on no-fault published this year, the ABA proclaimed that "the traditional purpose of the fault system . . . is to provide remedies for wrongful acts rather than to insure victims of accidents." The ABA argued that the possibility that one might be sued for reckless driving tends to make one cautious, and that if no-fault is enacted, the bad drivers will be encouraged to drive more dangerously. In fact, the ABA said, the present system penalizes reckless drivers by identifying them as guilty and causing their insurance premiums to rise: "Although the relationship between careless driving and liability insurance premiums is not one-to-one, there is a relationship—carelessness will tend to force up one's premiums." The ABA report concluded that states with no-fault insurance are encouraging reckless driving because they do not try to place guilt where it belongs. The price of fault-finding is worth it, according to the ABA—and this is the central argument against reform—because it punishes the guilty.

The lawyers' pitch is nothing more than an appeal to the desire for revenge—hard, personal revenge. It falls apart on examination. In the first place it is not as easy to locate guilt as the lawyers would have us believe. There are many accidents in which no party, or several parties, were at fault. In such cases, the assignment of guilt, if it is made, is arbitrary. Second, in cases where guilt can be clearly assigned, traffic and criminal laws will continue to operate and police will still give tickets. Even under no-fault, insurance companies can and probably will charge higher premiums for drivers with bad records. The economic deterrent against recklessness still will be present. Third, in major accidents that result in serious injuries, the victim will retain the right to sue the wrongdoer, if he can find one. However, the victim will be able to collect money immediately from his own insurance company to pay for his hospital and rehabilitation bills. He will not have to go to court and prove someone guilty before collecting. He will be able to do that later. The only "right" an accident victim loses with no-fault is the right to exact personal retribution for damage done to his car, for bruises, bumps or sprains. He loses the right to get revenge in such cases, and that is no loss at all.

When the trial lawyers stop talking about punishing the guilty and begin talking about the cost of no-fault, they become more interesting. They make a couple of good points, one having to do with the tremendous wealth and power of the insurance companies and another concerning the inherent cost of providing better benefits—something they concede that no-fault does. To take the latter first, no-fault is more generous than liability insurance because it pays without waiting to discover who is guilty. It pays even if one car is involved, or, as ATLA president Begam described it, "a large percentage of the premium dollar goes to benefit the drunks and dope addicts who wrap themselves around trees." It pays for other repairs too, even though the driver may have been at fault. The ABA pointed out, for example, that 11.4 percent of the claims paid in Massachusetts were given to people who had an accident when they were driving on the wrong side of the street or in the wrong direction on a one-way street. In addition, the system is more generous simply because it is less cumbersome than the fault-finding method. The Department of Transportation concluded in a paper published last June that the information gathered so far "does appear to constitute a strong case that no-fault is compensating more accident victims more completely and more equitably."

The reduction in legal costs has not been large enough to pay for this increased generosity, so that no great price reductions have been made. Insurance companies continue to raise premium rates in no-fault states, partly because their costs are going up with the general rate of inflation, but also because they are being overcautious and greedy. In Michigan, for example, they justify the high rates by saying they must set aside large contingency reserves in case the state supreme court rules the no-fault law unconstitutional. The state insurance commissioner, Thomas Jones, believes that the rate increases since 1975 (about 25 percent a year), though large, are substantially less than those in other states because Michigan has an efficient no-fault system. If the supreme court finds in favor of no-fault, the premium rates may decline.

The insurance companies decidedly favor no-fault, and the trial lawyers are suspicious of that favoritism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No-fault works by forcing every person who drives to carry insurance—not just no-fault insurance, but also a minimum amount of liability insurance. A federal law requiring every driver in the nation to buy insurance would be a wonderful gift to the casualty insurers. In addition to reducing their legal casework, it would send them a lot of new customers. The Committee for Consumers No-Fault, an agitator for reform in Washington, includes among its backers not only labor unions and consumer groups, but also Aetna Life and Casualty, The American Insurance Association, the League Insurance Companies, Nationwide Insurance, Prudential and State Farm (the largest insurer of automobiles in the US).

These companies already are flush. and a federal no-fault bill would make them flusher. In 1977, according to *Business Week*, the property casualty insurers as a group made a 21 percent return on net worth—the best year in their history. The most important single factor in the boom was a sudden increase in the profitability of auto insurance, on which the companies made $4 for every $100 they sold. ATLA president Begam pointed out in his Senate testimony that although the companies have claimed "staggering losses" every year, their net worth has grown steadily—from $11 billion in 1959 to $17 billion in 1969 to $25 billion in 1975. Begam said that if federally mandated no-fault passes Congress, the insurance funds will reach "undreamed of new heights." His proposed solution: reject no-fault and study the problem a bit longer.

Begam's suggestion is lame, of course, and inspired by his special interest in preserving the status quo. Nevertheless, his warning about the growing wealth of the insurance companies should be heeded. The reforms incorporated in the federal no-fault bill (S. 1381) should be passed because they would make the system more rational and more humane. But this reform ought to be accompanied by a promise to start work on another—to look into the recent windfall profits made by the insurance companies and to consider repeal of the McCarran-Ferguson Act that since 1945 has made the companies exempt from federal antitrust laws.

Eliot Marshall

Romania and Hungary compete to be America's favorite Communist pet.

The Middleman Cometh

If you are a private citizen interested in visiting China, your visa is guaranteed when the tour is arranged by the Romanian state airline that packages these two countries, 13 flying hours apart. If you are an American president, a proven method of contacting an enemy such as North Korea or Vietnam is to send a message to the Romanian capital for transmission. When Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin got together, it was through the good offices of Romania, a country 1000 miles from Jerusalem.

No wonder that the plushest red carpet in the arsenal of US diplomacy was rolled out earlier this month for Nicolae Ceausescu, president of the Socialist Republic of Romania. He is a leading middleman in this age of middlemen. Leaders who are mere allies or foes are not as appreciated as those who serve as brokers and catalysts, coordinators and facilitators.

The middleman is on everyone's side. He is the peacemaker the Bible calls blessed, the umpire who wants both teams to win, the therapist who listens. He is a discreet tattletale, and he is most comfortable when sitting on the horns of a dilemma, straddling a fence. If a deal is struck, a reconciliation effected, his take is not the agent's ten percent but good corporate public relations which in turn opens more doors.

Four times in eight years Ceausescu has come to Washington to ask for more US technology and credits. Trade between the two countries has reached half a billion dollars a year; Ceausescu's plan is to double that figure by 1980. After Poland and Yugoslavia, Romania is the third Communist country to qualify as a "most favored nation"—an odd congressional term of endearment that confers low tariffs and credit privileges on the vast majority of countries.

Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter have all succumbed to Ceausescu's shy charm. "His modesty is his best asset," commented one American diplomat. "Our leaders are always surprised how simple a Communist strongman can be." Romanian is his only language, but he employs a most sophisticated interpreter. He has no small talk but offers a good-natured wink. He communicates warmth and has given three American chief executives the cozy feeling of rapport with a doctrinaire Communist. And of course it is comforting to meet a Communist leader more concerned with the prosperity of his people than with efforts to bury us.

Ceausescu is earnest when talking about his country's needs, shrewd when discussing the world. In his National Press Club appearance, he became emotional only when facing a question on Romania's Hungarian minority. He is not a man of the world in the usual sense. During a gala dinner in his honor in New Orleans, he stalked out in atheistic fury when an invocation was read. (He was followed by the entire Romanian delegation, and it took some diplomacy to make him return. The mayor apologized that his guest was merely displaying his convictions.)

No one doubts Ceausescu's dedication to better relations with the United States. His appeal for joint ventures and advanced technology is couched in a language of admiration for US know-how that is good

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to hear. The perception he encourages is that US assistance to Romania gives heart to all independent-minded Communists in the bloc and that US friendship serves as a protective shield against Russian schemes. In reality, Ceausescu has no fear that his country will suffer the fate of Czechoslovakia. It is unlikely that there will be a military intervention as long as Romania's internal system is repressive.

Romania's competitor for American favor is Hungary, a neighbor and an arch rival. Two and a half million Romanian citizens are ethnically and culturally Hungarian. Forcible assimilation of that minority is causing strains between the two governments, which the Russians watch with interest, tsk-tsking and citing the correct Leninist principle of proletarian internationalism. President Carter is said to have raised this human rights violation when he met with Ceausescu; the standard Romanian response is a flat denial. In the National Press Club, Ceausescu expressed his wish that all minorities should be treated as well as Romania's Hungarians.

Hungarians being Hungarians, their government is not currying US favor the way Romanians do. There is no Hungarian Ceausescu; 22 years after the Soviet invasion that installed him at the helm, Janos Kadar still keeps himself in the background. Hungary's contribution to international reconciliation has not gone beyond an effort in the late 1960s to mediate in Vietnam. (It ground to a halt after the Hungarian ambassador in Washington defected.) Oddly enough, when it comes to picking a middleman, orthodox Communists as well as Islamic believers such as Anwar Sadat seem to have more faith in a Stalinist strongman than in a permissive Hungarian.

Instead of an inhibited, monolingual apparatchik such as Ceausescu, Hungary relies upon dozens of articulate diplomats and polyglot writers who travel to the West on grants from the State Department and US foundations. They offer the best anti-Russian jokes and vintage coffeehouse conversation. Budapest's unofficial spokesman is Ivan Boldizsar, a publicist for every Hungarian regime these past 30 years, from the darkest Stalinist autocracy through the revolutionary government of 1956 to the current liberal system. Boldizsar is famous for bon mots such as "socialism in Eastern Europe is the constant correction of mistakes that would not have happened otherwise."

Hungarians are in line to become a most favored nation. Their selling points are domestic liberalism and pro-Westernism. Their most brilliant piece of public relations was an invitation to Billy Graham to tour and preach in Hungarian cities. Their record features a minimal number of political prisoners (leftists rather than rightists) and Eastern Europe's only rabbinical seminary.

Listening to Hungary's envoys, official and unofficial, one is half-convinced that of all East European states, Hungary has the best standing in Moscow because the Russians respect the Hungarians. "The 1956 revolution taught The Bear a lesson," people like Boldizsar declare. "But the Romanians are condemned in Moscow as cowardly opportunists. Ceausescu is primitive and ignorant, and he will ultimately outsmart himself."

On the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, Henry Kissinger's East Europe expert, welcomed Ceausescu's visit as representing "an important if somewhat belated element of continuity in US foreign policy." Sonnenfeldt may well be right, but one does not get the impression that Zbigniew Brzezinski subscribes to Sonnenfeldt's doctrine of encouraging East European states to develop closer, "more organic relationships" with Moscow. Washington seems to be encouraging East European states to be independent from Moscow and develop relationships—organic and otherwise—with the West.

Thirty years ago, Stalin ordered East European states to turn down the Marshall Plan. These days East European governments wish that the offer would be made again and that capitalism would help reconstruct their economies ravaged by socialist planning. Capitalism seems willing. But who is more deserving of our help: middleman Ceausescu's Romania with a dismal record on human rights, or Hungary, the least unenlightened Communist state?

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

White House Watch

Fluff

The only person in authority around the Carter White House who appeared to be wholly at ease during the last week of April was President Carter. Some of his assistants and some reporters including this one thought that his 30th press conference on April 25 was his best public performance to date. He was at once calm, forceful and assured even when he was fuzzing the history of arms sales commitments to Arab governments and demagoging in support of tax reforms that really aren't all that reforming. An assistant who is in and out of the Oval Office several times every working day said that the President is philosophical about his difficulties, satisfied with the steps he had recently authorized to improve staff and Cabinet procedures, and generally relaxed in mind and manner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That if true made him unusual if not unique at the White House top. Ten days after he met with his senior staff and with his Cabinet at Camp David in the nearby mountains and told them that after 15 months it was time for him and them to shape up, a vague but noticeable air of uncertainty and unease pervaded the White House. Part of it arose from uncertainty as to how much need for change in himself and in his way of conducting the presidency Carter had recognized and determined to address. There had been a sense abroad in Washington and among some of his White House staff that no changes in personnel or procedure at the working level would make a significant difference unless the President changed in important respects. These respects included an obsession with detail, an aversion to sharing himself and his time with others that resembled Richard Nixon's to a disturbing degree, and a reluctance to confide in people who were important to him and from whom he demanded total confidence.

After the Camp David meeting, at which Carter was said to have acknowledged some mistakes of his own and to have promised to correct them, an assistant who should know the answer if anybody does was asked how much and in what ways the President was really changing or indicating a will to change. The answer was extremely vague. In attitudes and in the ways the President used his time, yes, there was some change, but not of a kind that could be described precisely. As for detail, Carter's habit of poring through and annotating 200-page memos that an assistant could have summarized for him and often had, there already was less of that. But not because Carter had seen anything wrong in it. His first year in office had been "a learning year," when Carter felt that he had to master the details of many problems. The learning time was pretty well over and he had time for other things. Carter made exactly the same point to a group of visiting editors two months ago. As an indicator of recently recognized need for change, the assistant's answer didn't add much and could hardly comfort those in and outside the White House who believed more drastic and inclusive change in the President was required.

Some of the strain and unease reflected the fact that this was a time of change for others than the President. Two additions to the small senior staff—Anne Wexler from the Commerce Department and black Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana, if he is persuaded to leave his city for the White House—and supporting assistance for them, would considerably increase White House numbers and costs. Senior assistants get $56,000 a year. Tim Kraft, the President's young appointments secretary, is being promoted to the senior staff (making 12 at that rank and salary) and taking charge of presidential personnel and liaison with the Democratic National Committee. A difficulty that has gone unnoticed is the President's doing. He made a big point in his campaigns of promising to chop back the White House staff. With his first and trumpeted reorganization in 1977, he reduced the White House Office staff from 485 to 351 and by implication undertook never to let it exceed 351 (plus a few detailees who remain on other federal payrolls). About 75 of the ostensible reductions were accomplished by transfers from the WHO staff to a new Office of Administration, which still isn't down to the pledged and budgeted staff total of 149. Carter's Georgia cousin and WHO manager, Hugh Carter Jr., is having a hellish time finding slots and money for the new senior staffers and their assistants within the sacred 351. It can be done only if present employees are fired or transferred or if Congress is asked for more money for a staff that already is budgeted for nearly $500,000 more than the last equivalent Ford staff was.

Some of the uncertainty and confusion would not exist in a White House as well organized as Carter's should have been and is intended to be in the near future. An indication that it may soon be better organized is that Hamilton Jordan is not denying, as I had been told he would be, that Carter has confirmed to his staff and to his Cabinet the intention that Jordan have all the authority except formal designation of a real chief of staff. The word near Carter's White House office is that the President indicated this in plain words at Camp David. Yet a senior Carter official says he never heard the President say it at Camp David and finds it unbelievable that Jordan, who is not phenomenally well organized and coordinated, is to be the chief White House coordinator. Jordan's forte, in the quoted assistant's view, is not organization but political savvy and judgment and he should be left to the exercise of those qualities. Cabinet Secretary Jack Watson, a Georgian who has survived frictions with Jordan and is not the assistant just quoted, still doesn't know how—some at the White House say whether—he will be allotted additional staff to help him in new duties as coordinator of federal aid to cities. Frank Moore, the chief White House lobbyist, was promised additional assistants but hadn't been told in late April how many he'd get. Much of this doubt resulted from budgeting problems. Some of it was a continuance of confusion that has marked the Carter operation from the start.

It was widely reported that Carter at Camp David damned self-serving leakers in the harshest terms and said the practice damn well had to stop. Senior officials who were at Camp David said the problem of leaks was discussed in group meetings but never with and by the President. News reports published before and after the Camp David meeting had Treasury Secretary Blumenthal and Carter assistants at each other's throats and the President blaming and rebuking Blumenthal for undermining the Carter tax reduction and reform proposals. The Sunday of the Camp David staff and Cabinet meeting, Carter watched Blumenthal on a TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panel program and thanked him by telephone for a good performance. Days afterward news accounts still had Carter assistants saying Blumenthal and Treasury subordinates were sabotaging the tax program.

Small jealousies of a kind that are expected around any White House but hadn't been previously noticed at the Carter White House cropped up after the Camp David meeting. An impression that a seminar of Washington establishment and Democratic elders in the office of Robert Strauss, the President's chief foreign trade negotiator and a trusted domestic trouble-shooter, somehow precipitated Carter's Camp David meeting with his Cabinet and assistants was resented and corrected. It's true that the Camp David meeting was planned weeks before Strauss had his meeting. Charles Kirbo, the Atlanta lawyer and unofficial Carter adviser to whom much criticism of the Carter operation was addressed at the Strauss gathering, said later that he'd heard very little on that occasion that he hadn't heard before and that he considered worth passing to Carter. Kirbo, the only non-official at Camp David, was invited first by Hamilton Jordan and then by Carter and wanted it to be believed that he played a minor role.

A wish also expressed at the White House was that it be understood that Hamilton Jordan—not Kirbo and not Strauss—was the principal architect and planner of the staff changes authorized by Carter. They had parts in the review, it's readily acknowledged, but not primary parts. Neither Strauss nor Kirbo would claim that they had primary parts. The less important those gentlemen are thought to be on the Carter scene, the happier they are.

John Osborne

Carter may be tempting the Soviets into a serious miscalculation.

Russia's African Ambitions

The greatest danger in international politics right now is the threat of a Soviet miscalculation in Africa. If it occurs, the vanishing credibility of President Carter's foreign policy will be largely to blame. Many senior officials at the White House and the State Department are aware of this peril, but nobody seems certain how to dissuade Moscow from embarking on what may be a disastrous step.

This Soviet miscalculation would be a decision to intervene militarily, along with Cuba, in the Rhodesian crisis. Western intelligence sources already report that heavy Soviet military equipment is being delivered to Mozambique for the Rhodesian Patriotic Front guerrillas, and that Cuban advisers are joining rebel units in Mozambique and Tanzania, though not yet in Zambia. We don't know what, precisely, Secretary of State Vance told President Brezhnev on this subject when they met in Moscow April 21. The joint communique made no reference to Africa. But officials in Washington insist that Carter simply would not stand still for a large-scale Soviet-Cuban involvement in Rhodesia. They say a move of this kind would trigger a major American response: the Russians ought to believe it and avoid miscalculating.

But the Soviet Union may not see it quite that way. The Soviets and the Cubans have supported popular African causes like the "anti-imperialist" MPLA faction in Angola and the defense of Ethiopia's territorial integrity. The leaders of the Kremlin appear to think that the march of events in Africa is going their way, and that the US cannot reverse this trend. Moscow and Havana believe that their support for the Patriotic Front, the militant and Marxist-inspired segment of the Rhodesian black-majority movement, is as popular with most Africans as their earlier initiatives were. President Carter, perhaps to his surprise, learned during his recent visit to Nigeria, a relatively moderate African state, that this belief may be correct. The deadlock between the Patriotic Front guerrillas and Ian Smith's "internal settlement" regime in Rhodesia is hardening every day, despite the recent furious round of *in loco* diplomacy by Vance and British Foreign Secretary David Owen; so the Russians and the Cubans see another opportunity to play a decisive role in African history.

If the two Rhodesian groups do not reach agreement quickly—and there is no reason for optimism—it is almost certain that the guerrillas will go on the offensive in earnest as soon as their Soviet and Cuban supporters have arrived. In fact by now the principal concern of the Vance-Owen diplomacy is more to avoid Soviet-Cuban intervention in Rhodesia than it is to determine how the country will be governed.

The ultimate prize the Russians aspire to in this game is not Rhodesia but the Republic of South Africa. Western embassies in Moscow have been reporting for months that the Kremlin is currently on a "hawkish" course: witness its African policy and, most recently, Brezhnev's tour of the Soviet Far East, clearly intended as a warning to China. (US intelligence believes that 65 percent of Soviet defense expenditures go for the armies along the Chinese border where the Soviet military build-up keeps mounting.) The Soviet Union evidently thinks that it can get away with the Rhodesian operation without a serious challenge from the US. The Kremlin's view of Carter is part of this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

analysis. The Russians seem to have convinced themselves that the Carter administration is so divided over foreign policy, especially concerning Soviet-American relations, that it may be incapable of taking a firm stance on most issues. They see the White House constantly at odds with Congress over international problems. Their conclusion may well be that Congress would prevent Carter from acting drastically in Africa no matter what the Soviets and the Cubans do next.

White House aides acknowledge that Carter's performance on the neutron bomb issue has done little to enhance his credibility in Moscow. The same goes for the uncoordinated and abortive administration efforts to limit the Soviet-Cuban presence in Ethiopia by White House threats (from which the State Department carefully stayed away) to allow displeasure over events in the Horn of Africa to affect the negotiations for a new strategic arms limitation agreement. In both instances, Moscow called Carter's bluff. Not only did it maintain the Cuban-Soviet presence in Ethiopia, but it increased the number of Cuban troops there and supported the new involvement by Fidel Castro's units in Eritrea after the defeat of the Somalis in the Ogaden desert.

When Carter indicated that his final decision on producing the neutron bomb would depend on Soviet concessions and cooperation in SALT and the area of conventional weapons, Moscow, in effect, laughed at him. If Secretary Vance indeed went to the Soviet Union in the hope that Carter's compromise on the neutron bomb represented a SALT bargaining chip, then it was a wasted trip. There was no SALT breakthrough.

Moscow has been watching Carter's tribulations over the Panama Canal treaties, warplanes for the Middle East, the lifting of the Turkish arms embargo, planned US troop withdrawals from Korea, and the sick dollar. It may have well concluded that American foreign policy is in unprecedented disarray. Such conclusions often lead to miscalculations. New interference in Rhodesia would be just such a miscalculation, if one is to believe Carter's White House advisers. As an official said the other day, "If the Russians make a wrong move in Africa, they will find a very stubborn president in Jimmy Carter." Just how this stubbornness would be demonstrated remains unclear. Perhaps, for example, Carter would delay or interrupt SALT negotiations if Soviet equipment and advisers materialized along with Cuban combat units on Rhodesia's borders.

The official US view remains that Brezhnev desires a SALT agreement this year above all things and Carter, of course, wishes it just as ardently, although he cannot guarantee that it will ever be ratified by the Senate. But the White House may be wrong about Soviet priorities and calculations. The Russians may believe that it would be another bluff if Carter tried to link Rhodesia with SALT. Or they may decide that the risk to SALT is justified. They may believe further that it would be politically impossible for Carter, in terms of both US and international opinion, to give any meaningful support to the Smith regime if it becomes besieged by Soviet and Cuban-supported Patriotic Front guerrillas.

Carter, however, may choose to draw the line at Rhodesia. This would push the US and the Soviet Union into a new round of brinksmanship. If Cyrus Vance has succeeded in convincing Brezhnev not to challenge Carter over Rhodesia, his mission will have been a success even though no progress was made over SALT.

Tad Szulc

Hierarchical Wrongdoing in the FBI.

Swapping Indictments

Almost exactly a year after Attorney General Griffin Bell authorized an indictment of John J. Kearney, a retired FBI official who had headed the special squad assigned to investigate the Weatherman organization and capture its fugitive members, charging Kearney with illegal wiretapping and letter-opening, Bell disclosed that the charges against Kearney were being dropped. Simultaneously, Bell announced that criminal charges were being filed in Washington against L. Patrick Gray, the former acting FBI director. Gray is best remembered for his association with two of John Ehrlichman's more vivid Watergate metaphors. Gray's was the body that Ehrlichman described as "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind" while the Senate was vulturously pecking away at his FBI nomination. And it was Gray who was instructed by Ehrlichman, via John Dean, to "deep six" the explosive documents that had been retrieved from H.L. Hunt's safe at the White House.

How Gray escaped indictment by the Watergate special prosecutor is one of Watergate's minor mysteries. It has not been solved in any of the post-mortem best-sellers. It is ironic that Gray must now stand trial for what must have seemed to him, at the time, to be totally innocuous conduct compared to other acts he was instructed to perform.

The Justice Department's announcement of the Gray indictment was deliberately timed to coincide with the dismissal of the Kearney case. The impression conveyed was that Bell, having concluded that Gray was responsible for Kearney's acts, had decided that it was unfair to hold a subordinate responsible for carrying out illegal orders issued by a superior. FBI agents all over the country rallied to Kearney's side after he was indicted. The attorney general was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confronted with a demoralized law-enforcement agency in which, it was said, agents were afraid they would be turned upon for carrying out orders. Heavy pressure was exerted upon Bell. Even the outgoing FBI director, Clarence Kelley, made a personal plea on Kearney's behalf.

The action taken in the Kearney case did not, on its face, look like a surrender to these pressures. In asking the New York federal court to dismiss the indictment against Kearney, the Justice Department's counsel asserted that "in recent days" the department had arrived at "final judgments . . . into the abuses which occurred in the FBI's effort to apprehend the Weatherman fugitives." These "final judgments" were said to rest "on the principle that in a case of hierarchical wrong-doing, the most severe sanction, that of criminal prosecution, should be brought to bear at the highest levels of authority and responsibility at which the evidence will support prosecution." With this principle in mind, the Justice Department said, a continuation of the Kearney prosecution "would violate basic tenets of fair and equal justice." The Justice Department's ploy worked famously. So far as the public could tell, Kearney was let off the hook because he was following orders issued by Gray and also by W. Mark Felt, the FBI's acting associate director, and by Edward S. Miller, the assistant director for domestic intelligence, both of whom were indicted along with Gray.

But before accepting the fairness of the Gray-for-Kearney swap, we might compare the allegations made against the two men. As it happens, Kearney retired from the FBI almost a year *before* Gray was named acting director of the FBI. The illegal acts that Kearney is said to have committed began, according to the indictment against him, in August 1970, long before Gray became the FBI chief and possibly even before Felt and Miller were involved with the Weatherman investigations.

Anyone who reads the two indictments side-by-side would have to conclude that the charges made against Kearney were distinctly different from those filed against Gray and his co-defendants. The *only* point at which the two indictments overlap is in their general descriptions of the victims of the illegal acts: both indictments concern members of the Weatherman group or individuals suspected of having associated with Weathermen. There the similarity ends.

Kearney and Gray both were charged with conspiracy. But Gray is charged with a conspiracy to violate civil rights by authorizing burglaries (or what the indictment calls "surreptitious entries"). Kearney, on the other hand, was charged with directing FBI agents to intercept and steam open letters addressed to 16 individuals living in New York City. The indictment asserted that Kearney's team obtained keys to mailboxes and then removed letters, opened them, copied them and put them back. The indictment also charged that Kearney's team installed illegal wiretaps on telephones in New York City between late 1970 and April 1972.

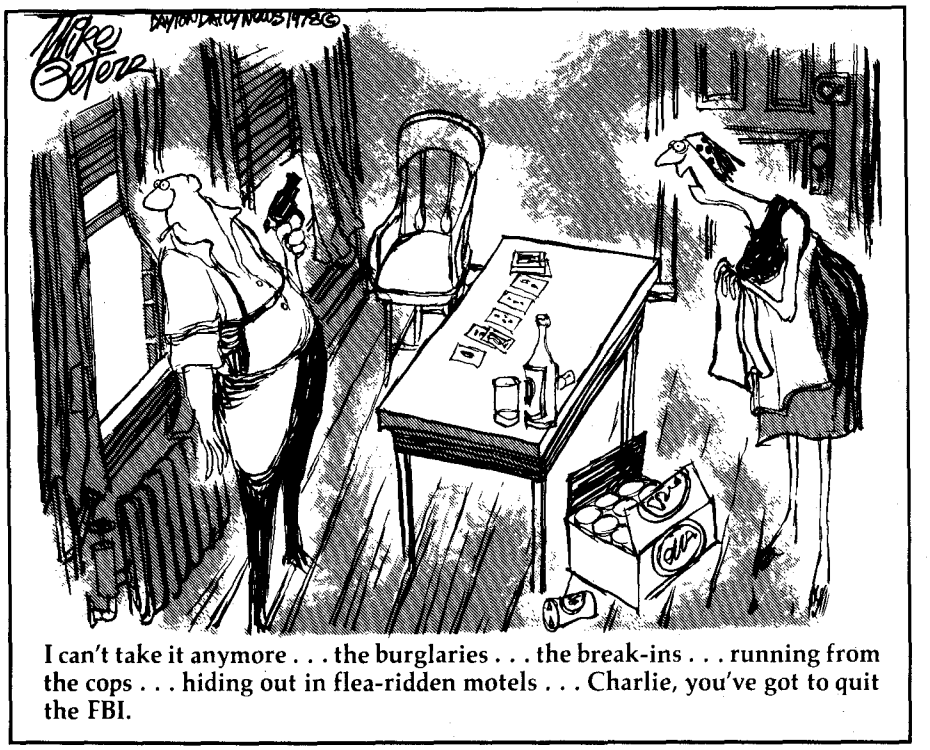
The Gray-Felt-Miller indictment charges a totally different conspiracy. It does not refer, either directly or by implication, to letter-opening or illegal wiretapping. Nor does it cover the same time period specified in the Kearney indictment. It charges a conspiracy between May 1972 and May 1973 (the time that Gray was acting director) and focuses *only* upon "surreptitious entry into the houses and premises of relatives and acquaintances of Weatherman fugitives."

According to Gray's indictment, in September 1972 he approved a "Weatherman in-service training course" that was held the following month in Quantico, Virginia. The agenda he approved for the course apparently included at least one lecture on how to conduct surreptitious entries. The indictment implies that the prosecutors have evidence Gray discussed this subject with Miller and other FBI officials during the month before he approved the course. The indictment alleges that after the course was given, between December 1972 and May 1973, FBI agents committed nine burglaries in the New York area during their Weatherman investigations. Each burglary was the subject of a memorandum sent from FBI headquarters beforehand or received afterwards, and in some cases memoranda from Miller to Felt preceded the burglaries.

Gray, Felt and Miller were charged with a conspiracy to violate the civil rights of owners or occupants of the homes that were burgled. This law was *not* used or cited in Kearney's case. The formal document filed by government lawyers requesting dismissal of the Kearney case included a very limited statement implying a relation between the two cases. The document was signed by Barnet Skolnik, the crackerjack prosecutor who has been the nemesis of former Maryland governors Spiro Agnew and Marvin Mandel. Skolnik merely said that after the Kearney indictment had been returned, the Justice Department "uncovered . . . documentary proof that officials at the highest levels of the FBI were aware [of] and did in fact authorize certain illegal activities in the FBI's pursuit of the Weatherman fugitives." How did this new "documentary proof" affect the charges against Kearney? Skolnik admitted that the documentary proof did not "relate directly to Kearney's particular activities," but he stated that the government "cannot with any confidence assert that similar knowledge and authorization did not exist as to those activities."

Skolnik is no stranger to the investigation of "hierarchical wrongdoing." He knows that it is common for prospective criminal defendants, even after indictment, to "trade-up"—that is, to exchange information regarding higher-ups for immunity from prosecution or other benefits in the criminal process.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I can't take it anymore . . . the burglaries . . . the break-ins . . . running from the cops . . . hiding out in flea-ridden motels . . . Charlie, you've got to quit the FBI.

Drawing by Mike Peters

That happened time and again in the Agnew and Mandel investigations. Judging by his record, there is probably no greater master alive than Barnet Skolnik in the art of inducing suspects to supply information that incriminates more desirable prosecution targets. So it is somewhat surprising that the Justice Department was willing to conclude its investigation of the illegal wiretaps and letter-openings that occurred in New York between late 1970 and June 1972 with the flabby finding that it could not "with any confidence assert" that higher-ups were ignorant of what Kearney and his team were doing. Ordinarily, it would be standard policy to prosecute the guilty participant unless he was willing to testify (and provide corroborating proof) that his superior knew what he was doing. Why—if not because of the public pressure—did the attorney general depart from this usual practice in the Kearney case?

There is some temptation, of course, to roll all the FBI's illegal acts in chasing the Weatherman fugitives into one big ball and to prosecute the highest official who had any knowledge of any part of what was done. But if—as Skolnik's official document in the Kearney case suggests—Gray and company were followers of a high-level policy of pulling all stops, legal or otherwise, in that investigation, it is quite unfair to prosecute them for decisions that were made years earlier. In fact, one reason Skolnik gave for dropping the Kearney case was the fact that "a former high FBI official"—apparently William C. Sullivan—had been prepared to testify that he had told Kearney of J. Edgar Hoover's "personal wishes . . . that any available means be utilized to catch Weatherman fugitives." The Justice Department application then went on to say that Sullivan's recent death made this testimony unavailable to Kearney—thereby depriving him of evidence that would be "of potentially great help." But Gray and his co-defendants probably are harmed in the same way by Sullivan's demise.

It makes little legal sense to merge the wiretaps and letter-openings of 1970-1972 with the burglaries of 1972-1973, and to prosecute only those who authorized the burglaries. Separate statutes are involved, and distinct criminal offenses were committed. There is almost no overlap in the names of the victims in the two indictments. Only two names of the seven listed as victims in the Gray indictment were among the 22 individuals who were illegally overheard or whose mail was illegally intercepted by Kearney's squad. If the FBI committed crimes against the remaining 20, are these offenses that should go unpunished? And does the fact that a later acting director of the FBI authorized yet another form of illegality justify the earlier misdeeds?

It was a strategic decision to file the Gray indictment in Washington. The United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia already has considered whether good faith is an adequate defense when a high government official is charged with criminal conspiracy for authorizing a burglary. The prosecution of John Ehrlichman for the break-in on the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist is a strong precedent in the prosecution's favor. Ehrlichman claimed that he authorized the burglary in a good-faith belief that no judge's warrant was needed under the law for "national security" searches. The Court of Appeals, in an opinion written by Malcolm Wilkey, a conservative judge, rejected Ehrlichman's argument. The court left open the question whether a "surreptitious entry" without a warrant could be justified on "national security" grounds if it was personally approved by either the president or the attorney general. It said that the power to engage in break-ins without prior judicial approval could not be delegated to "regular intelligence agencies, like the FBI and CIA" because, notwithstanding their expertise, "the risk of their myopic abuse of such a powerful prerogative is simply too great to permit its delegation." The case of L. Patrick Gray and his subordinates, which the defendants apparently intend to take to trial, will test whether this doctrine will be applied by a judge and jury in circumstances other than the extraordinary context of Watergate.

Nathan Lewin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Chaplin: History and Mystery

1.

Charles Chaplin's death and the events following it are almost continuations of Chaplin fiction. First, he died exactly on a Christmas Day. If it had happened to the Tramp in a film, we would all have smiled concessively. Second, on Dec. 26, 1977, *The New York Times* published a front-page obituary of Chaplin illustrated with a doctored photograph. (They apologized the next day. It was the last shot of *Modern Times* with Paulette Goddard airbrushed out.) After Chaplin's 88-year life, the effect was like the cannon in *The Great Dictator* which is gigantic and emits a tiny plop.

Third, on March 2, 1978, his coffin was stolen from its Swiss grave and is as yet unrecovered. Again a surprise twist: after sober funeral and interment, grave robbers.

I'm betting that there will be at least one further event—or non-event. The coffin will never be found. It will not be put up for ransom. Some macabre maniac wanted possession of the remains as of a holy relic.

This last madness, nauseating as it is, is still a kind of tribute. It's a demented obeisance to a world figure whose like the world had not seen before and, in a sense, can never see again. No one in history before Chaplin—in the political sphere or any other sphere—had achieved world fame so quickly. His first film was released in February 1914. In January 1915 he was an international star who signed a contract with a second studio at 10 times his previous salary. And, as I've noted before, he made his reputation during the First War. Down among the shells and guns and provisions, military convoys must have carried Chaplin films.

Huge reputations have been made quickly since then, but since then it has become much easier. The Beatles—for a time, anyway—were as famous as Chaplin, but they had recordings, radio, television, personal tours, *and* film to help them. Chaplin had only film, and, with this comparatively limited means—a limitation that will not exist again—he surpassed them.

Incendiary success is always due to more than talent-plus-personality, it always has something to do with the historical moment. One could say, with just a mite of bias, that Marx had written, Lenin and Trotsky had struggled, Edison and Griffith had pioneered, to bring together just the right elements for Eisenstein's genius. Chaplin came along at the end of a hundred years during which, as history proves, the popular theater had been aching toward increased flexibility of settings and opportunities for spectacle, even liberation from the laws of gravity; he also came at the end of a 2500-year tradition of comic performance that had, so to speak, prepared him; and those two elements joined up neatly with the arrival of the film form. Eisenstein without film might have become, as he promised to be, an outstanding scenic designer and theatrical director; film made him a genius. Chaplin might have been, as he promised to be, enormously successful in music-hall and revue; film made him a genius.

The Tramp. The Little Fellow. Naturally the obituaries were full of those terms, full of references to the bowler-hatted, cane-swinging, corner-skidding outsider who had become one of the perdurable icons in the collective mind of the world. All true; still it's not quite enough. Yes, the Tramp is now a deathless image. Yes, he made us laugh and cry and presumably always will. But, out of the thousands of Chaplin moments, put just two together and think of them, really *think* of them, and you understand why talking about The Little Fellow is not enough. Think of the moment in *The Rink* when, with his torso almost motionless, his roller-skated feet move so quickly under him as he tries to keep his balance that his legs almost become a solid blur like the spinning spokes of a wheel. Then think of the last scene in *City Lights* when the formerly blind girl realizes that this little hobo was her savior, and then the camera goes to his face. The first moment is physical virtuosity past the reach of most who devote their lives to absolutely nothing else. The second moment is, to speak quietly, great acting. How many great actors could do the former? How many physical virtuosos could do the latter? No, the Tramp, image of genius though he is, is only a kind of middle ground, a medium, for even greater genius.

2.

And then there is Chaplin the director. Early in his film career he realized that he could not be directed by anyone else. In his theater work before then, he had worked from self to audience, no intervention. Now some technologies necessarily intervened and he had to control them, he couldn't possibly let anyone else's sensibility convey him to an audience. Two months after he

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. The whole big thing builds to the last 40 minutes—a new Book of Revelation writ with light and sound.

The Confessions of Winifred Wagner. Blood-freezing urbanity. A German TV documentary in which Richard Wagner's cultivated daughter-in-law chats of her affection for Hitler.

The Goodbye Girl. Neil Simon's best script, for screen *or* stage. Spun along breezily by Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason under Herbert Ross's light hand.

Saturday Night Fever. John Travolta. Also the *mores* of juveniles in a city within a metropolis. Also John Travolta.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began acting in films, he began directing himself.

His direction has often been criticized adversely, often justly. His productions frequently look cheap, his choices of actors were sometimes shockingly poor (Carl Miller in the picture discussed below, Marilyn Nash in *Monsieur Verdoux*), he sometimes seems to be scanting scenes in which he himself does not appear. But twice in his life he directed films in which he plays only tiny bits and could concentrate on directing, *A Woman of Paris* and *A Countess from Hong Kong*. The latter is a work of his dotage. The former, just re-released after long absence, proves how good a director he could be.

The story behind and after *A Woman of Paris* is interesting in itself. Chaplin had long wanted to do a serious film and had been toying with *The Trojan Women*. Then in 1922 he met Peggy Hopkins Joyce, one of the age's leading gold-diggers—a good '20s term—a beautiful woman who used her looks to get millions from rich men by marriages and other means. He and Joyce were intimate for a time, and he was fascinated by her stories of her adventures, particularly (he says in his autobiography) the story of a young Parisian who had committed suicide on her account. These stories, he writes, "inspired me to write the story of *A Woman of Paris* for Edna Purviance to star in." The subject of sexual heterodoxy fascinated Chaplin in the '20s. *The Kid* begins with Purviance's abandonment of her illegitimate baby. In *The Gold Rush* the girl, so well played by Georgia Hale, is obviously, if implicitly, a prostitute. Now Chaplin felt the urge to concentrate on unconventional sexual behavior, keeping the Tramp off screen.

A Woman of Paris, released in 1923, was a critical but not a popular success, and Chaplin eventually withdrew it from circulation. For 50 years it was very difficult to see the film outside of a few film libraries. Then in 1976 Chaplin for some reason decided to add a music score to it, and in 1977 Leonard Maltin of the Museum of Modern Art in New York arranged for a few showings there. Now it is available in 16 mm form from rbc films of Hollywood and is being released theatrically by Kino International of New York.

The mystery of the 50-year withdrawal is compounded by Chaplin's next effort to make a serious film, also without himself and with Edna Purviance. In 1925, after much travail, he released *The Gold Rush*. Purviance wasn't in it. Then he wrote a story called *A Woman of the Sea*—also known as *The Sea Gull* though it had nothing to do with Chekhov—and engaged the young Josef von Sternberg to write the screenplay and direct it. (Chaplin also did a little of the directing.) John Grierson, who saw some of it being shot, said it was set in a Monterey village and was a "strangely beautiful and empty affair." Sternberg says in his autobiography:

> *When the filming had ended I showed it exactly once at one theater . . . and that was the end of that. The film was promptly returned to Mr. Chaplin's vaults, and no one has ever seen it again. We spent many idle hours with each other, before, during, and after the making of this film but not once was this work of mine discussed, nor have I ever broached the subject of its fate to him.*

It's eerie. Two serious films, both with Purviance. One inexplicably buried for 50 years, the other inexplicably buried forever. (Some say it was burned.) It couldn't have been because of animus toward Purviance. She didn't become the star that Chaplin thought she might be, but he permitted her to go abroad to make a film, which too was unsuccessful, and when she returned he reportedly kept her on salary until her death in 1958. (Neither Sternberg nor the Sternberg film is mentioned in Chaplin's autobiography.)

Note that Chaplin set his story based on material by the American woman Joyce, for the American actress Purviance, in France. Partly this might have been because of Joyce's recent experience there, and partly no doubt because this story, of a *demi-mondaine*, was more comfortable in Paris than in, say, Minneapolis—with a décor of gigolos, luxe restaurants, extras with turbans and monocles, etc. But partly, I think it was because Chaplin was always a bit more at ease with a European milieu. Much of his work, even when supposedly American or relatively placeless, has a European feeling: the cops often look like bobbies, the settings—in *The Kid*, for instance—suggest European cities. The clown acts in *The Circus* are much more in the European-circus tradition than the American. *The Great Dictator*, *Monsieur Verdoux*, and *Limelight* are all set abroad. *A King in New York* is, first of all, about a king, and further, its location sequences, supposedly New York, were patently shot in London.

Having Europeanized his Joyce material, having decided to confront

Irving Kristol shows how capitalism became a victim of its own success.

With his customary wit and insight, the co-editor of *The Public Interest* examines the political and historical ties linking personal liberty, democracy, and free enterprise. His provocative analysis shows how "capitalism" became a dirty word, how the process can be reversed, and why ignorance of the moral foundations of our economic system—inside the business community as well as among its critics—threatens the very existence of American democracy.

TWO CHEERS FOR CAPITALISM

Irving Kristol

$10.00 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

NEW SIGNIFICANT BASIC

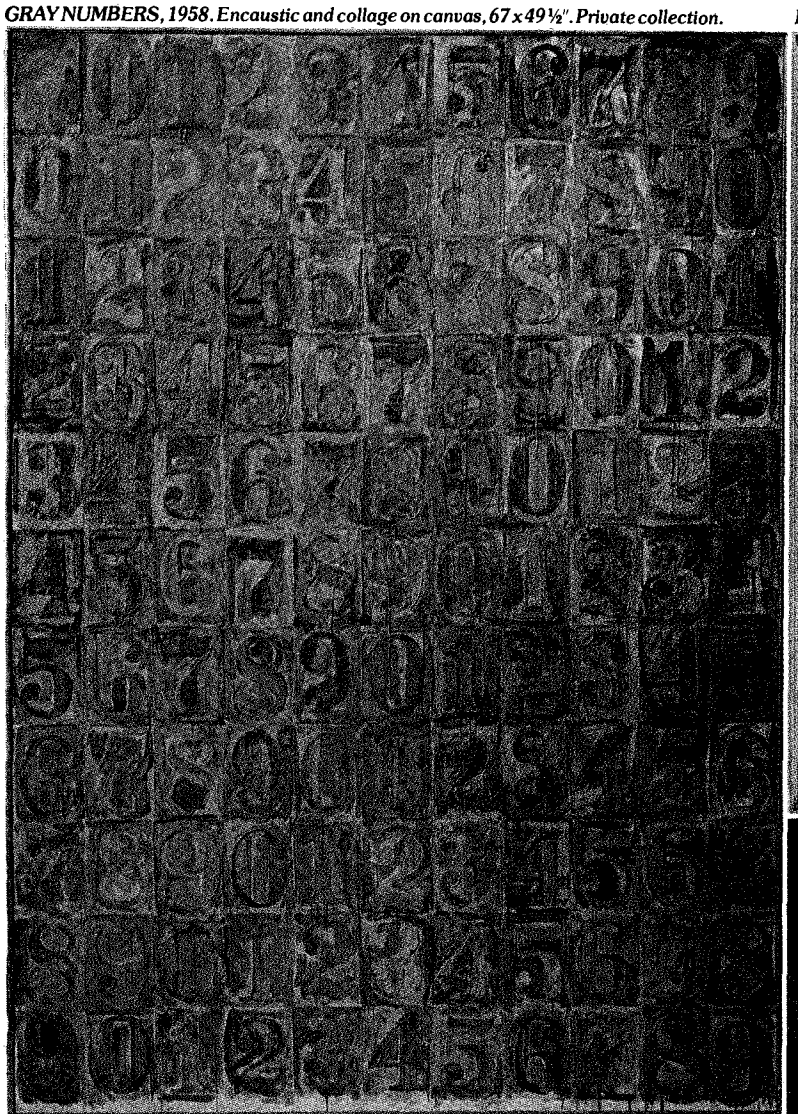
BASIC BOOKS INC

10 EAST 53RD ST, NEW YORK 10022

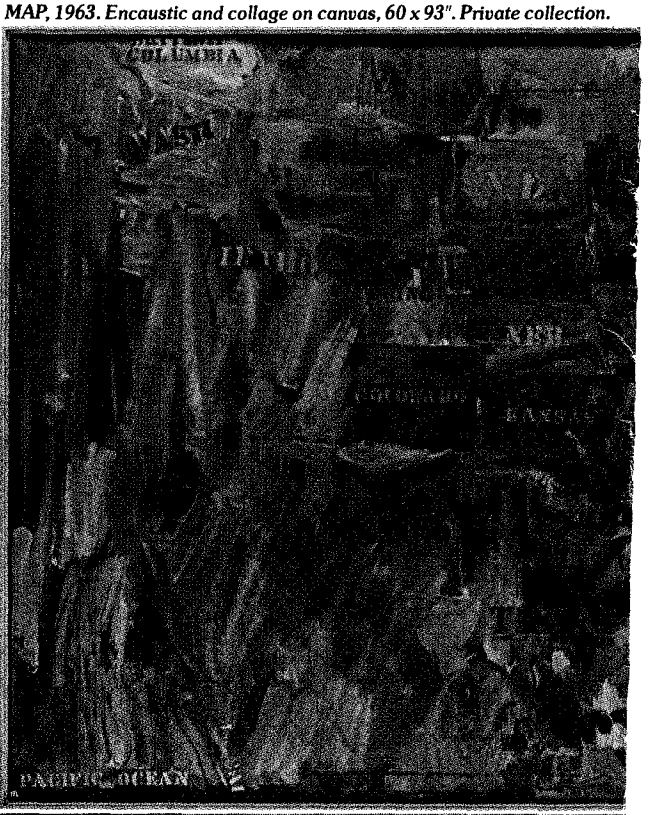
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Take an

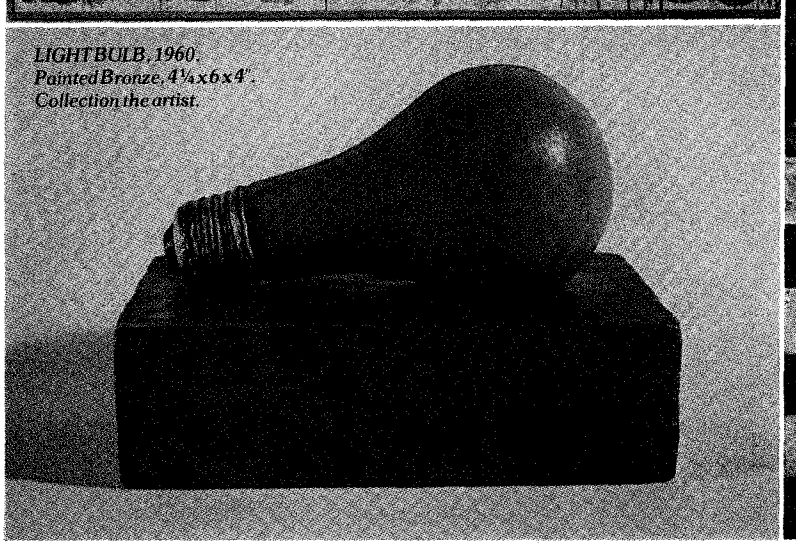
GRAY NUMBERS, 1958. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 67 x 49½". Private collection.



MAP, 1963. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 60 x 93". Private collection.

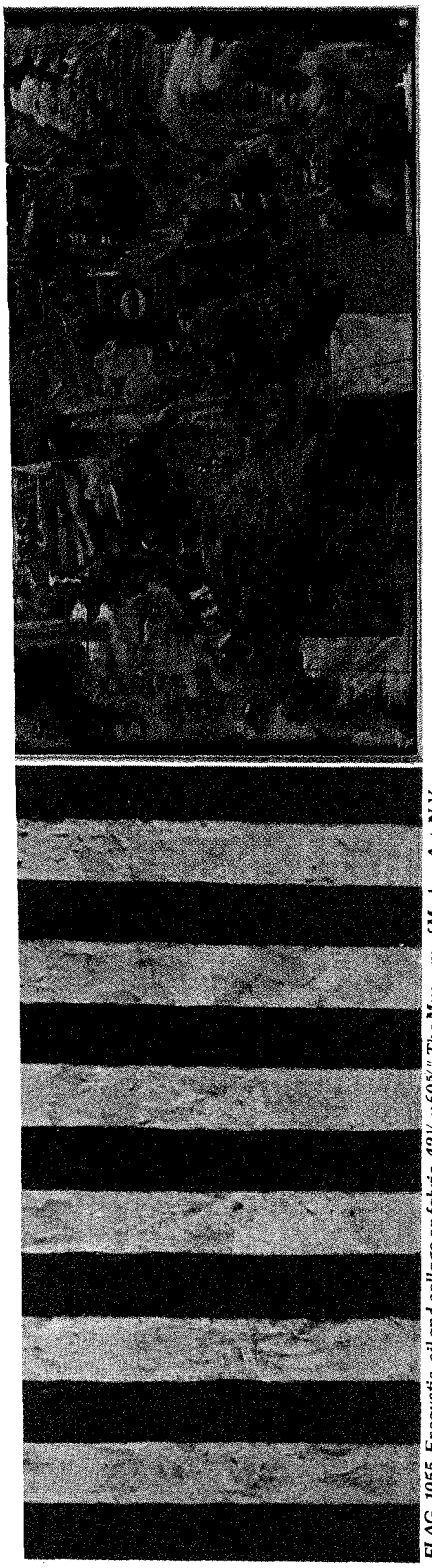


LIGHT BULB, 1960. Painted Bronze, 4¼ x 6 x 4". Collection the artist.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

object.



FLAG, 1955. Encaustic, oil and collage on fabric. 42¼ x 60⅝". The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Do something to it. Do something else to it. Do something else to it."

That's a quotation from the notebooks of Jasper Johns, and you can see some of the classic results of his method on the left.

It's not a prescription for every artist; it's a description of the art of becoming, of a way of traveling from the known to the unknown.

And for more than 20 years, Johns has taken the journeys and brought back not merely things to see, but a fresh way of seeing the things we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this survey of the artist's work. In our business, as in yours, it's necessary to see fresh promise in familiar things, and to be reminded that our best guides in the journey toward the unknown are individual imagination, individual creativity and individual innovativeness. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write Joseph F. Cullman 3rd, Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Philip Morris Incorporated

It takes art to make a company great.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament, Virginia Slims and Multifilter; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Light and Dark Special Beer.

"Jasper Johns," an exhibition organized by the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, N.Y. appeared there from Oct. 18, 1977 to Jan. 22, 1978. Subsequent showings include: Museum Ludwig, Cologne, Feb. 12 to March 26, 1978; Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris, April 18 to June 4, 1978; Hayward Gallery, London, June 21 to July 30, 1978; The Seibu Museum of Art, Tokyo, Aug. 19 to Sept. 26, 1978; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Oct. 20 to Dec. 10, 1978. The exhibition is made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and Philip Morris Incorporated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Spencer Chaplin

Courtesy of The Granger Collection

sexual unconventionality, Chaplin then wrote an old-fashioned sentimental 19th-century melodrama. He calls it "a drama of fate." Not remotely. It depends on coincidence (a heart attack at just the wrong moment) and overheard conversations (twice) and an accidental meeting. It ends with the penitent magdalen leaving Paris with the mother of her suicided artist-lover to care for wee orphans in the country. In the last shot she is happily riding in a farm cart on a dirt road when, without her or his knowledge, the rich man who used to keep her speeds by in his luxurious car. The moral in this morality tale isn't clear. True, she has found peace of mind through service, but the rich hedonist lover hasn't found discomfort or remorse. If there is a moral, it's that conscience is a burden.

Purviance has a lushness of person that we are no longer used to in leading women, particularly when the role starts out as an innocent village maiden; and her face has the defect of not even being recognizable from sequence to sequence unless the lighting is maintained precisely. At her best she has a golden buxom beddy quality, not much more. The poor-but-honest lover, Carl Miller, is a complete liability to the film in every way. The star performance is by Adolphe Menjou as the rich man-of-the-world lover. Menjou was not a newcomer even then, and when you consider that his career went on until 1960, it's amazing that he looked so mature as long ago as 1923. He's delightful: courteous, cynical, cool, charming. Menjou's subtle inflection of gesture and pantomime seems especially modern because all the others always present you with four-square blocks of this or that emotion while Menjou is slicing off delicate ambiguous curlicues.

Chaplin, not having to consider himself as actor, directed with a purely visual imagination that is not a consistent hallmark of his camerawork in his own vehicles. For instance, early in the picture, there is a really breathtaking use of deep focus, the lover in the foreground in the street with the girl at her window in the distance—a shot that unifies and separates them. When the girl waits for the midnight train at the station, we don't see the train itself, we see the patterns of the lighted windows of the cars cross her body. (Yes, it's a familiar device *now*.) When the artist-lover commits suicide in the huge foyer of a restaurant, his body falls into a fountain surmounted by the lifesize statue of a smiling nude girl. When a crowd gathers around his body, the smiling bare-breasted girl towers above the mob—a symbol of the elusive feminine that caused his death.

The worth of *A Woman of Paris* is now, predictably, in process of being exaggerated. But it certainly shows another aspect of Chaplin's directorial imagination. And it deepens two mysteries; why was it suppressed for so long? Why was the other serious picture with Purviance permanently suppressed?

3.

Chaplin's relations with women—Joyce and Purviance were a mere two of them—were public business because of how he behaved, who he was, and the marriages he made. To complete the astonishments of his life in this regard: at the age of 54 he married, for his happiest marriage, an 18-year-old girl—who was the daughter of America's greatest dramatist.

My one (dare I call it) personal memory of Chaplin is related to Mrs. Chaplin—now, of course, Lady Chaplin. On April 4, 1972, he was given a tribute at the jam-packed Philharmonic Hall in New York. It was his first, and last, return to the US since his self-imposed exile in 1952. After the showings of *The Idle Class* and *The Kid*, the white-haired Chaplin stood up in his box, his wife beside him, her own hair now touched with gray. You can imagine the tumult. (Zero Mostel, from the orchestra floor, shouted above the roar: "We love you, Charlie.") Chaplin spoke, touchingly, youthfully. Then he thought he would give us all a bit of pantomime to remember, but as he started, Mrs. Chaplin put her hand on his arm in an affectionate cautionary way, implying, "Now, now. Let's not overdo it." And Mrs. C. took Mr. C. along home. It was lovely.

Later that month there was one last image, one of the most beautiful. He appeared at the Academy Awards ceremony to accept a special award, and, like millions, I watched on TV. Before he came out, we saw a collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of clips from his films, arranged, as I recall, by Peter Bogdanovich. The last clip was the last moment from *The Circus*, the Tramp left alone in the field after the circus has left, with only the marks of the circus rings left on the grass. The theater has once again become the world, the world his theater. And the director of the Academy TV broadcast—may he thrive a thousand years—crossfaded from the very last frames of *The Circus* to a tight close-up on the TV camera of the white-haired Chaplin coming out on stage to the shouting crowd. He was dignified and he was crying. It was the real ending of *The Circus*, it was the real ending of his life. The news from Vevey on Christmas Day five years later was superfluous.

John Canaday on art

Saul Steinberg

Two of the happiest things that have happened to 20th-century art in a long time are the Saul Steinberg retrospective at the Whitney Museum, and its *quasi*-catalogue, *Saul Steinberg*, published by Alfred A. Knopf in association with the museum, where something close to 300 illustrations include most of the items in the show. A selected bibliography lists 35 titles of books concerned with Steinberg in one way or another, and is followed by a list 536 lines long of articles in periodicals. Just about every art critic or person posing as art critic in this country and in Europe appears in this list—except me. The reason is that during all these 37 years when Steinberg has amazed and delighted me (he began publishing regularly in *The New Yorker* in 1941), I have never been able to convince myself that it is possible for a writer to do more than nibble with words at the periphery of what Steinberg says in images. I have also avoided reading about Steinberg as consistently as I have refused to write about him.

This avoidance is no reflection on, for one, Harold Rosenberg, a critic whose work I always respect and frequently admire, whose name appears seven times in the lists, and who, in addition to serving as guest curator for the exhibition, has written what I take for granted is an excellent text for the book. The thing is, I don't *want* to read about what Steinberg does. I only want to look at it. And I don't want to go around explaining it, although explaining art has been my business for a long time. If I am writing about Steinberg now, it is only to explain this eccentricity, and whatever I write must be read with foreknowledge that from the lecture platform, during question and answer periods, I used to answer "Saul Steinberg" when the inevitable question came up, "Who do you think is the greatest (or best, or most important) American artist at work today?" On occasions I have also answered "Richard Diebenkorn." Nowadays I don't give any answer, since no single artist can be called best of all at a moment when artists are practicing every form of art ever known to man and inventing new ones. But let's get it straight that Steinberg is unquestionably in my top banana cluster.

It has always seemed to me that Steinberg, of all artists of any time with the possible exception of his 19th-century cousin Daumier, is the one who comments on the nature of society with such clarity in his own medium that to elaborate on his ideas in another has to be either presumptuous or redundant. This situation has a certain virtue: it forces the critic into the position where he belongs but is seldom happy—the position of straight man to the star. Surely no critic can take Steinberg's work, in the way any critic can take Barnett Newman's, and use it as fertilizer for a weedy growth of verbiage. Even the position as straight man is unnecessary. Steinberg is a monologuist, a great draftsman—let's make that a draftsman of genius—who has said, "Drawing is a way of reasoning on paper."

I got that quote out of the new book, where it is isolated from the text along with others such as, "The whole history of art influenced me: Egyptian paintings,

"Positively hypnotic.

The fantastic story Caute unfolds in all its surreal complexity—and with compelling authority and authenticity—should be read with anguish and shame at the infamies a people are capable of when aroused by mindless rage."
—Alden Whitman, *Saturday Review*

THE GREAT FEAR

THE ANTI-COMMUNIST PURGE UNDER TRUMAN AND EISENHOWER

David Caute has written a monumental work detailing the fearsome anti-Communist purges that affected almost every area of American life in the age of Truman and Eisenhower. Caute studies the entire machinery of repression—the Attorney General's list, loyalty oaths, the Smith Act prosecutions, the FBI and its ubiquitous informers, the witch hunts conducted by the press, the terror of deportation, censorship of foreign mail—of this most frightening period in American history. This is not just another book about Senator Joseph McCarthy, but an explosion of the myth of the one-man riot, showing, on the contrary, how the Wisconsin Senator entered the scene only halfway through a purge launched with the connivance of the Cold War liberals. Fascinating, disturbing, and immensely readable, *The Great Fear* is a book that every American should read.

DAVID CAUTE

"The most complete account of the subject yet written."—*Library Journal*

History Book Club Main Selection
Macmillan Book Clubs Alternate

Simon and Schuster

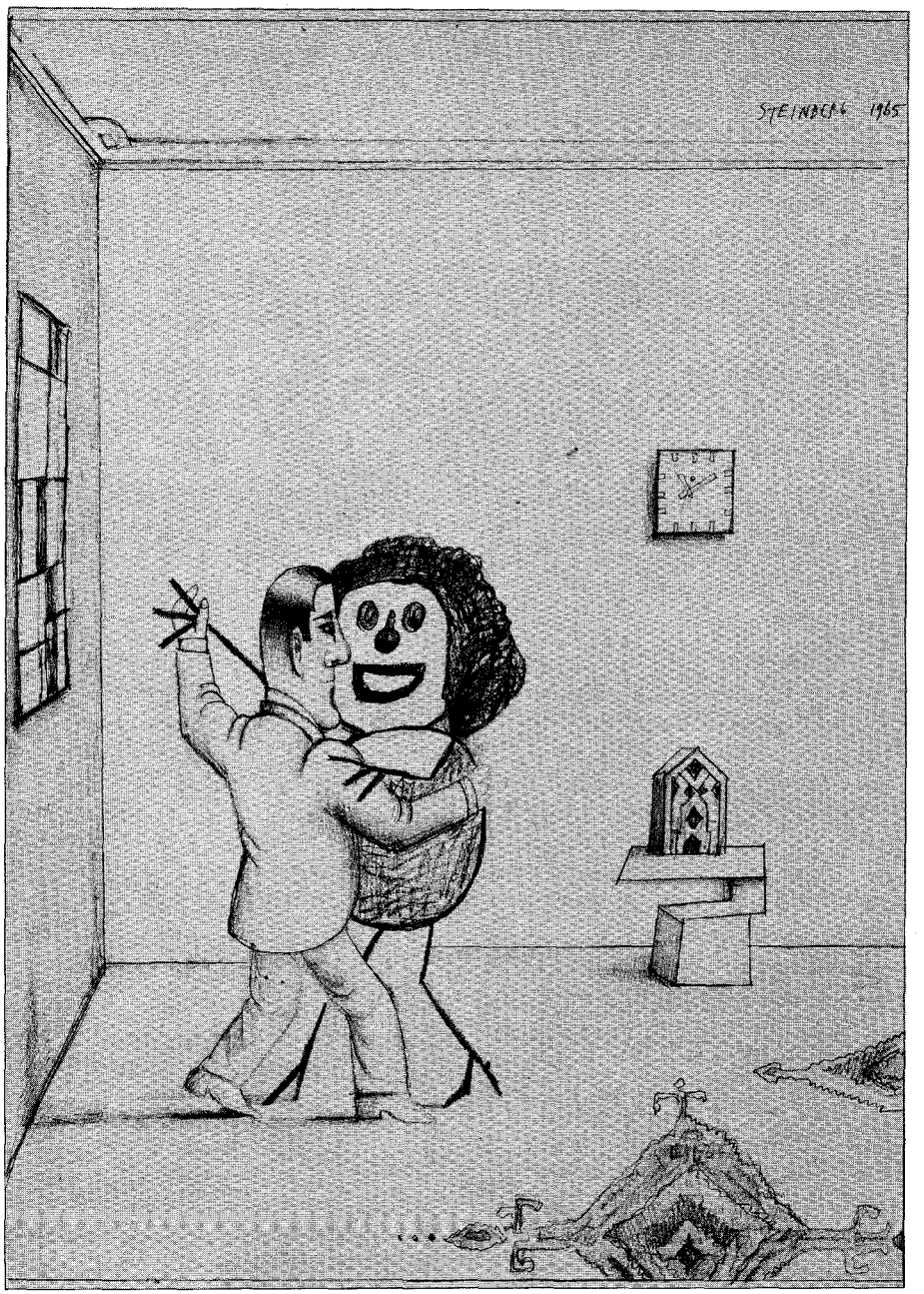
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latrine drawings, primitive and insane art, Seurat, children's drawings, embroidery, Paul Klee."

Those are stylistic influences; among them Daumier would be quite out of place. In matching Daumier and Steinberg just now, I was matching two artists whose observations of the society around them are directed toward a wide audience via journalistic media but based on acutely personal responses. Otherwise the two men could hardly be more unlike—Daumier the compassionate humanist for whom the evils of the world are countered by a conviction that people (excepting lawyers and politicians) are essentially good even when circumstances make them most ridiculous, and Steinberg the intellectual pessimist for whom the world's evils are countered by the same world's fascination as a non-stop spectacle when the spectacle is primarily one of folly.

Let me match Steinberg in an even more roundabout way with another colossal humanist, Pieter Bruegel. Both Steinberg and Bruegel are often called fantasists. Neither is, although at first glance either might be. In 1559 Bruegel painted the picture in the Staatliche Museen, Berlin, formerly called *The Folly of the World* but now identified as *Netherlandish Proverbs*, an apparent fantasmagoria where about 200 villagers and animals (and a couple of fiends) are engaged in irrational activities and bizarre relationships in a setting that juggles ordinary architectural forms of the day as a kind of stage set. The fantastic goings-on make common sense, even earthy sense, when seen as the pictorial translations of popular sayings. A woman hogties a devil ("She could put the devil to bed," or, she is a virago); a man crawls through a crystal globe ("You have to squirm to get through the world"); another sits on a bed of hot coals (we would put it being on pins and needles); another protrudes his naked rear from a second-story window and defecates on a globe turned upside down—a double reference to the world gone topsy-turvy and a to-hell-with-it attitude toward things in general.

I play a game with some of my favorite Steinbergs where monstrous and irrational things go on against backgrounds of his incomparable transformations of contemporary urban scenery, by reversing the proverb-into-picture process and trying to invent proverbs or aphorisms to go with the pictures. There is one of 1965, *Dancing Couple*, where a man drawn in a variation



"Dancing Couple" by Saul Steinberg (1965) Collection of the artist, courtesy of Sidney Janis

of an early 20th-century manner dances with a woman drawn in the style of a kindergartner. There is a Mondrian on the wall, a Persian pattern on the floor, an art deco radio on a modernistic table—all satirized—and an ordinary electric clock. Here, obviously, is one of Steinberg's numerous comments on style as a reflection of society, but there is a lot more. My fumbling around in this paragraph should prove that Steinberg has said something that can be said only as he said it, that can't be put into words. (At least not by me.) One thing is certain, however: this is not fantasy. It is indeed "a way of reasoning on paper" by an artist whose inexhaustible invention as a draftsman supplies the vocabulary for his observations as a philosophical sociologist.

It is fortunate for everyone that Steinberg's style has developed under the exigency of creating for reproduction at sizes no larger than the page of a magazine. Everything he does is exceptionally adaptable to reproduction even when not specifically created for publication, which is one big reason that the new book is such a joy. There is a minimum of that second-best feeling that most reproductions of paintings and drawings give on the printed page, and at $10.95 in paperback ($25 in hardcover) this must be the biggest bargain in recent art-book publishing. But for anyone who knows Steinberg only in reproduction (which means almost everyone, including his most ardent fans) the exhibition holds a revelation. The originals have a quality that defies reproduction; there is a technical finesse here that goes beyond the professionalism expected of any artist who works primarily for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magazines. Steinberg is not only one of the foremost artists of his century; he is also the only one I can think of who stands without a rival in his field.

I want to make a point of mentioning the exhibition's sponsor, the SCM Corporation. That's the way to spend money. After delighting New York, the show goes on to the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, the Serpentine Gallery in London, and the Fondation Maeght in Saint-Paul, France.

Books Considered

Lost Tribes and Promised Lands: The Origins of American Racism by Ronald Sanders

(Little, Brown and Company; $15)

Ronald Sanders's *Lost Tribes and Promised Lands* is offered as an attempt to provide "some fresh insights into problems of race relations and ethnic identity which are still with us today." The book seeks those origins in the literature of the earliest stage of colonization, drawing heavily on Iberian sources, and also on French, Dutch and English materials. Although its author's intentions are admirable, and a good deal of interesting material is developed along the way, the book ultimately fails to live up to the promise of its title. The decision to end the study with the 17th century, at a time when both slavery and warfare with Indians in North America had barely begun, is partly at fault. But there are also difficulties in the conceptualization of the project that go to the heart of our understanding of "race" and the political significance of racism.

The quotation cited at the start of this essay exemplifies the problem with Sanders's approach. It implies that modern race problems did truly have their origin in the Medieval and Renaissance past which Sanders studies; and that these problems "still" persist, in something resembling their primitive form. It is certainly valid to see in the founding of New World colonies and the initial confrontation of European and native the seeds of later problems; but the historian of ideas must be wary of how he goes about reading back into the minds and vocabularies of other cultures and times concepts which have a particular—and highly charged—meaning for our own time and culture. It is essential that he have clearly in view—and that he set before his reader—the nature of the resultant *modern* form of the concept whose origins he seeks. Sanders's understanding of the character and function of modern racism is vague to a fault as his introductory statement reveals: he denies the need to define the term race, asserting that a "consensus" in each age and culture continually redefines the concept. But there must be some coherent tradition of usage, or else the search for origins becomes logically absurd; and we must know what sectors or classes of the total population are involved in articulating and propagating the "consensus," unless we want gratuitously to assume cultural unanimity in racist beliefs—an assumption which is tempting, but unwarranted.

Sanders does not attempt to define the modern sense of racism, nor do his bibliography and notes reflect familiarity with the extensive literature on the history of the concept of race, racial science, and racialist philosophy and historiography. To be sure, most such works begin at a point in historical time that is well after Sanders's terminal date, and this may explain their omission. However, that choice of period by the scholars of racialism is not an "artifact" of method; rather, it represents a considered opinion that racialist philosophies and ideologies *as such* are not of significance before the 18th century. These works present racism as the product of a collaboration designed to rationalize the creation of a new and non-traditional set of class-subordination systems, appropriate to a new, capitalistic economic and social order. One may, of course, disagree with this reading—although I believe it to be correct. But one cannot, as Sanders does, ignore it.

Sanders's study traces the evolution of the concept of ethnic or racial difference out of the medieval or religious distinction between infidel and Christian. As he presents it, this religious distinction moved toward a "secular" racism, because of the linkage of religious, ethnic, and "color" conflicts in Spain and Portugal, during the "reconquest" (which pitted Iberian Christians against Moors and Jews) and the colonization of Latin America (which involved the Spanish with Indians and African slaves). The argument is a highly interesting one, and Sanders draws on some fascinating documents pertaining to relations between Jews, Moors and Spanish in the Iberian Peninsula in making his case that these relations provided a model for later colonial racialist doctrines. His discussion of the role played by Jews, in both the historical activity and the literary rendering of the period of conquest, is the best part of the book—scholarly, carefully argued, and so far as I am aware original.

"An extraordinary view of an extraordinary woman."*

★"Conveys a convincing, engaging sense that Catherine transformed majesty into true expansiveness and strength."
—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred review

* *Publishers Weekly*

Photos, map, family tree, appendices, sources and notes, index.

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB ALTERNATE SELECTION
$12.95

WILLIAM MORROW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the argument breaks down at two points. The examination of the English colonial enterprise, and its ideology, is inadequate for the purpose of establishing a direct connection with the Spanish tradition. Here the choice of terminal date leads to inadequate use of existing scholarship. Sanders ought to know (but does not cite) David Levin's study of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* in *History as a Romantic Art*, because Prescott too makes a connection between the status and history of the "vanishing races" of Iberia (Moors and Jews) and America (Indians). Levin's analysis of the racist basis of this association in Prescott would have given Sanders a different perspective on the question of racism, and on his own method. An opportunity to compare, if not link, the Spanish and English eschatological interpretations of the Indian's role and character in God's "plan" is missed because of Sanders's apparent unfamiliarity with the recent studies of Puritan typology by Sacvan Bercovitch (among others). Sanders's scholarship must also be faulted in its treatment of Puritan Indian policy, which offers a perfect "test case" for the transition from "religious" to "secular" categories. Several works treat the subject specifically—Peter Carroll's *Puritanism and the Wilderness*, Douglas Leach's *Flintlock and Tomahawk*, Francis Jennings's *The Invasion of America* and my own *Regeneration Through Violence*. None are referred to by Sanders. All more or less agree that the turning point in New England's Indian policy came during or just prior to King Philip's War, which Sanders does not discuss. Jennings's discussion of the missionaries' work, and its relationship to both theology and policy, is absolutely essential reading for the kind of argument and connections Sanders is making. In general, the bibliography on Puritanism and the Puritan colonies is simply inadequate and out of date.

An equally significant flaw is the conceptual gap between medieval or "religious" racism and modern racism: a gap so wide that the reader may question the use of the term "racism" to define both. Under the earlier or "religious" form of rationalization, "strangers" to the way of the body politic of Christendom were regarded as "infidels," and treated as appropriate subjects for religious conversion. Theological tests were applied to determine the nature and degree of a given form of infidelism; and with true-believing infidels, or peoples committed firmly to Satan's cause, extermination rather than conversion might be required. But the character of the "strangers"—whether Moors, Jews, Indians or Africans—was deemed to be malleable, subject to religious persuasion and salvation. Ethnic, national or provincial peculiarities were often subjects of satire in metropolitan cultures; but such ethnocentric responses did not imply moral inferiority or require exclusion or stigma. This is at the opposite pole from the modern doctrine of race, which emphasizes the relative immutability of inherited characteristics, is obsessed with "inferiority" and "race-antipathy" and uses these as the basis for rationalizing the subordination and exploitation of "inferior stocks."

By failing to carry his study far enough into the 18th century, Sanders misses the real point at which the religious or "convertible" concept of race became secular or modern. Sanders mentions the joking suggestion by an early 18th century Virginia planter (William Byrd) that intermarriage between whites and Indians might be helpful to colonial prosperity; and that if an Indian could be whitened in two generations, even a Moor or Negro might be "blancht" in three. Fifty years after Byrd penned those words another Virginia planter, Thomas Jefferson (in *Notes on Virginia*), found himself compelled to discourse on the apparent

Christopher Columbus trading with the Indians of Hispaniola (1493) The Granger Collection

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

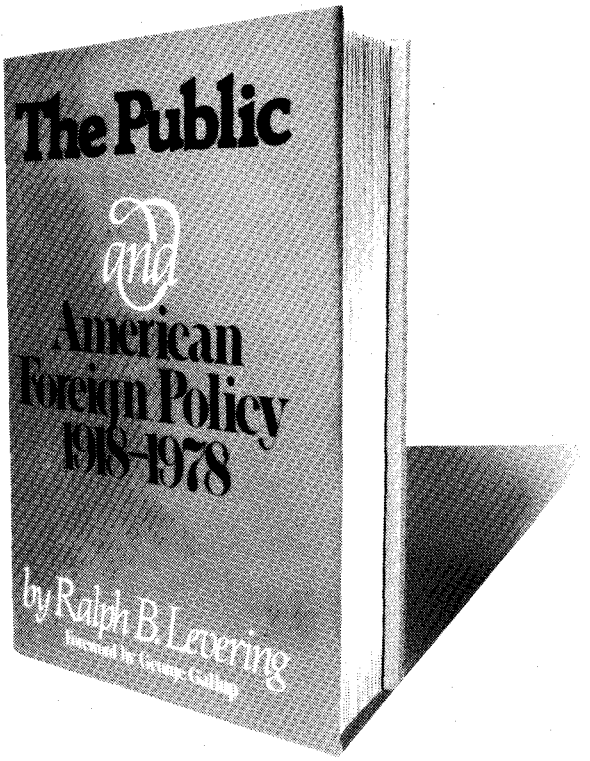
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immutability of black racial traits, and their inherent inferiority to those of whites. Later, in an exchange of letters with John Adams, he would use similar arguments about inherited beauty and intelligence to argue for the existence of a "natural aristocracy" among whites.

It is the insistence on immutable inheritance of "inferior" characteristics that distinguishes medieval ethnocentrism from modern racialism. The insistence derives, I believe, from the character of post-feudal or capitalist society, characterized as it is by relatively rapid changes in modes of production, and of traditional class relationships. The mutability of hierarchical statuses lies behind the yearning of new elites for a rationale that will sanctify and justify—in immutable terms of religious and natural law—their rise to power, and the dividing out of a portion of humanity, as a *class*, for exploitation and subordination. The ideal of racial *inferiority*—as distinct from racial difference—seems itself to be a creature of a capitalist social development, with its attendant agitations of class relations and concepts. Sanders quotes the scene in *Merchant of Venice* in which Portia indicates her dislike for marriage with a Moorish prince, rightly noting both her distaste for his color and the lack of a strict prohibition against such a marriage. On the other hand, Portia would have been outraged had Launcelot Gobbo, the white servant, proposed marriage. Class and race do not coincide in Shakespeare's universe, and class is by far the more important and prior basis of discrimination. It would require two centuries of Negro slavery and colonialism in non-white cultures under Anglo-American auspices before an inferior class status and black color could be stereotypically *equated*. But the moment and the causes of this transition lie outside Sanders's scope. The modern concept of race, then, is not the product of a single line of evolution out of the Western religious tradition as a whole; but rather represents the intersection of an evolving (or degenerating) religious tradition—radically different in Protestant and Catholic countries—with the evolving social and ideological forms of capitalism.

It is a shame to have to fault this book for its conceptual and scholarly weaknesses; first, because I share the author's conviction that racism is central to the destructive social and ideological structures of the modern world; and second, because in the discussion of the

"...absolutely superb. It is broad in coverage but by all means not superficial; it is also extremely well written and interesting."
—ARTHUR S. LINK,
historian and Editor, Woodrow Wilson Papers



Published in conjunction with the Foreign Policy Association in its 60th anniversary year, this is a diplomatic historian's reflective overview of "public involvement in foreign policy issues in the years since 1918, when the United States indisputably became a world power." It demonstrates eloquently how the general public, the foreign policy activists, and the mass media interacted with the President and the Congress on great issues—the League of Nations; Hitlerism and World War II; the Cold War; and, since 1963, the Vietnam War and the growing awareness of the limits of American power. Finally it discusses the search for a new foreign policy consensus in the present age of global interdependence.

"An elegant and thoughtful work of synthesis... clearly written, well documented..."
—JOHN LEWIS GADDIS, historian and author of *The U.S. and the Origins of the Cold War*

$7.95 hardcover; $3.95 paperback

WILLIAM MORROW
105 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relationship between Iberian and colonial cultural conflicts Sanders does have something new, interesting and important to contribute. However, the effort to link this Medieval and Spanish material directly to modern Anglo-American racism overtaxes the material, the author's conceptual structure, and his reading. *Lost Tribes and Promised Lands* wanders widely, and does not bring its promised insights home.

Richard S. Slotkin

Richard S. Slotkin is the author of *Regeneration Through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier* (Wesleyan U. Press) and is professor of English at Wesleyan.

Lying: Moral Choice in Public and Private Life
by Sissela Bok
(Pantheon Books; $10.95)

Right and Wrong
by Charles Fried
(Harvard University Press; $15)

Ethics at the Edges of Life
by Paul Ramsey
(Yale University Press; $15)

Why *ought* we to be concerned about ethics? The reasons why we *are* concerned are all too obvious: Watergate, corporate bribery, My Lai, the bombing of Cambodia, the treacherous evacuation of Saigon. It is our American way when something seems to have gone wrong to call in experts to fix it; and if there aren't enough experts, we invent instant training schemes. Funding becomes available from government and private agencies, courses are devised at universities, journals are founded and the American publishing industry is geared up to some great new productive effort. So it was with the rediscovery of poverty in the 1960s; so it is with the rediscovery of morality today and the resultant vogue for ethics in universities. The questions that almost frame themselves are: what on earth can be going on in a society where poverty or morality have to be rediscovered? Is there not indeed something pathological about such rediscoveries? And ought we not to exercise a certain caution about the consequent books which announce their solutions to our newly rediscovered problems, in case we treat as prescriptions for our disorder what are in fact themselves merely symptoms of our common sickness?

It is because I approach all contemporary writing on ethics with these questions in mind that I view three new and very different books with the same initial suspicion; and it is for the same reason that I ask not only what do these authors say and where do they differ, but also what do they agree in *not* saying, to what aspects of our condition do they share a common blindness. These questions yield an instant and disturbing answer. All three authors ignore the King of Hearts' injunction in *Alice* to begin at the beginning; all three books begin in the middle. For all three authors present us with arguments which move—usually, although not always validly—from certain premises to certain conclusions; but whence they derive their premises or why the rest of us should have any confidence in these premises, these are matters on which all three authors preserve an elaborate and discreet silence, broken only by hints and allusions.

Consider for example the way in which both Charles Fried and Sissela Bok proceed at key points in their arguments. Fried is a moral rigorist, a self-proclaimed follower of Augustine and Kant. But when such rigorism is taken to lead, as it was by Augustine and Kant themselves, to the conclusion that we ought *always* to answer questions truthfully, even when to do so may well lead to someone else's murder, or even when to avoid this outcome the consequence of our truth-telling might be great suffering or death for ourselves, then Fried announces: "I am extremely uncomfortable with Augustine's and Kant's rigoristic conclusions in this case. There may be something heroic about the man who will not lie. . . . But surely such heroism is not morally required."

Similarly Sissela Bok at the key point in her argument over rigorism, having pointed to the way in which even certain religious traditions reject it, announces, "I share their rejection," and gives as a reason the harms that would ensue if certain lies were not told. But of course although what she gives may be *her* reason for rejecting rigorism, it is by itself scarcely a good reason for rejecting rigorism, since rigorists precisely assert that we ought to hold by certain moral rules, *whatever* the consequences. To point out to the rigorist therefore that if certain lies were not told, certain harms would ensue, is to tell him what he already well knows. It is in no way to argue against him. Discomfort and rejection only become arguments when they are translated into principles and both Fried and Bok proceed to such acts of translation. Only the principle which each adopts turns out to not only be different from, but incompatible with, that adopted by the other.

Bok's principle is "that truthful statements are preferable to lies in the absence of special considerations," and her reasons for asserting this principle are such matters as "the effects of undiscovered lies on the choices of liars and dupes" and "the impact of discovered" and suspected lies on trust and social cooperation." Her case against lying consists then in pointing to the harmful consequences of lying. Although she rejects any variety of utilitarianism, it is apparently only because the general principles of that doctrine cannot solve what she takes to be certain key practical questions. Hence she invokes a variety of types of harm to justify a variety of types of lie and brings them under no completely general rule. She notices in passing numerous views other than her own, but treats them with an astonishing brevity.

Fried's principle by contrast is one that rules out any appeal to harmful consequences. His central thesis is that there are categorical and absolute norms of right and wrong which proscribe or enjoin certain intentions. How do I know what I may not intentionally do? Fried's central concepts are those of respect for the rationality and integrity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the person: I violate the respect for another's rationality when I lie to him or her, just as I violate the integrity of another's person if I assault or murder him or her. Fried's forceful book, unlike Bok's eclectic moral travelogue, presents an argumentatively detailed and highly coherent case. Many of his particular discussions, such as that on the economic analysis of rights or that on rights and professional roles, are stringent and valuable developments of his point of view. Nonetheless his mode of debate with rival points of view is always the same; he does no more than exhibit the incompatibility of *their* conclusions with *his* premises. I do not think that proponents of alternative views of rights, such as utilitarians or Locke's most recent laissez-faire offspring, Robert Nozick, will find it necessary to revise their views in the light of Fried's contentions; as he himself says, "The system of positive and negative rights I have sketched here assumes that rightness depends" on both the pursuit of a fair and compassionate end-state and also on respect for "the absolute constraints" of rights not to be interfered with.

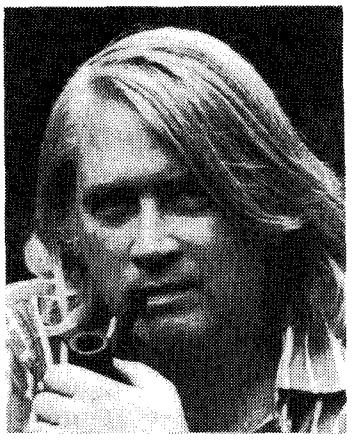
The trouble with this passage is twofold. First, the key word is 'assumes'; if we do not already agree with Fried's premises, so much the worse for us. Secondly it is not as though what is assumed is uncontentious. For it has been the shared contention both of libertarians of the right and of many socialist critics of liberalism that when embodied in actual social life the pursuit of a fair and compassionate end-state and absolute respect for negative rights are incompatible and can only be made to seem compatible by emasculating one or the other commitment.

Thus at precisely the point where argument is most needed Fried, like Bok, and like so many contemporary writers from very different points in the ideological spectrum, presents us with an unargued starting point. In this of course he is, although a self-proclaimed Kantian, quite unlike Kant—just as Nozick is unlike Locke and our contemporary utilitarians are unlike Bentham. Our modern moral philosophers with their unargued premises are frail shadows compared to their self-chosen ancestral figures. This emerges strikingly when we compare them with those figures in respect to religion.

Both Bok and Fried curtly and once again without argument dismiss religion as morally irrelevant because "These beliefs cannot be proved or disproved" or "I do not know whether the doctrines of religion are true or false . . ."; but the question arises as to why their own choice of premises is not open to the same charge which they level against religion. Where Paul Ramsey rests his final appeal on the biblical tradition, they appear to rest theirs in the end on some undeclared private, personal preference. Ramsey's premises may be unargued but *his* reason for accepting them is at least clear; at the root of his argument is an appeal to faith and an appeal for obedience to divine law. Nonetheless what he has to say must be of compelling interest to everyone concerned with the moral problems of medicine, life and death and not merely to those who share his faith. This is not only by far the best book of these three, it is probably the single most important text in the area of medical ethics written in modern times. Ramsey's central achievements are basically two.

First he sets out both with clarity and in detail the moral presuppositions and implications of recent judgments by the courts, and especially by the Supreme Court, on abortion. He shows for example how the extension of the doctrine of substantive due process, which underpinned at one stage in the past the Supreme Court's role as champion of the property and contractual rights of private enterprise, now underpins its stance on abortion and once again serves the same moral and political individualism. Speaking of the 1976 case *Planned Parenthood v. Danforth* he writes "The Court's assumptions in its Bicentennial abortion decision are that upon entering every relation a human individual remains as free as before, that no one can or should will today what he shall will tomorrow. Individuals remain atoms, none bound; moments of decision remain atoms, none binding or continuous in force. At least and so far as appeal may be to the state's interest." I am not sure that Ramsey is right in particular in ascribing the ancestry of these ideas to Rousseau; I am quite sure that he generally is in the right in hearing the voices of 18th century individualist moral philosophers speak through the mouths of living justices and lawyers.

Secondly Ramsey deepens our understanding of certain key distinctions that have not up till now been allowed their full weight. Most notably he urges us to distinguish, where euthanasia is in question, between cases in which on medical grounds alone it can be determined that the patient is indeed dying, so that the only remaining moral



John Gardner separates the fads from the fundamentals.

The widely acclaimed novelist and essayist measures contemporary authors—**Mailer, Doctorow, Didion, Vonnegut, Heller, Updike, Cheever,** and others—by the highest standards of their art and finds them, for the most part, lacking. Plain-spoken, closely argued, and masterfully written, this provocative analysis of the moral failure of today's literature is one no reader—or writer or critic—can afford to ignore.

ON MORAL FICTION
John Gardner

"Criticism with both eyes open, fearless, illuminating, proving that the concern of the critic is with art, that true art is moral and not trivial, and that it and the discussion of it can give pleasure—of a sort that lasts and re-echoes."—*Robert Kirsch, Los Angeles Times*

$8.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

NEW SIGNIFICANT
BASIC
BASIC BOOKS INC.
10 EAST 53RD ST. NEW YORK 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questions concern *how* the patient is to die; and those cases in which it has been proposed that either the courts or physicians or someone else may decide *whether* the patient is to die. In the course of his arguments he presents us with marvelously lucid summaries of the relevant medical and legal detail. So much so that this is a book that cannot itself be summarized; it has to be read.

What all three books bring out then is the way in which our culture is haunted by the ghosts of dead moral philosophers. The question is whether those ghosts can be effectively exorcised by the moral philosophers of the present. On the evidence of the books by Bok and by Fried I am not hopeful.

Alasdair MacIntyre

Alasdair MacIntyre is University Professor of Philosophy and Political Science at Boston University; his *Against the Self-Images of the Age* is about to be reissued by the University of Notre Dame Press.

Remembering Poets: Reminiscences and Opinions by Donald Hall

(Harper & Row; $10)

By definition, the literary memoir presupposes an intimate connection between a writer's life and his work: a look, a gesture, a particular conversation, an observed eccentricity, a remembered incident—all these provide potential insights into the work itself. It is all the more curious that Donald Hall, who modestly refers to his memoirs of Dylan Thomas, Robert Frost, T.S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound as "literary gossip," repeatedly denies that such a connection exists and urges us to "split poem from poet." "If a poet is great," he argues, "the poem is the poet at his or her greatest, and the man or woman in person will never equal the poem created. . . . Great poets may tell lies all day and all night. . . . Conversely, I have known a hundred poets who were decent and apparently honest people in daily life . . . who . . . stole the voices of dead poets and the ideas of live friends." Or again, "The poet in his own skin will never equal the poems."

But why then write literary gossip? What good does it do us to know that Pound didn't know his way around Rome or that Thomas bullied his wife or that Frost worried about what suit to wear to a reading? Hall's "gossip" is, moreover, fairly thin because, unlike such literary memorialists as Ford Madox Ford writing on the young D.H. Lawrence, or Bertrand Russell commenting on the deadlock between Eliot and his wife, or A. Alvarez recalling the last dark days of Sylvia Plath, Donald Hall, by his own admission, barely knew the four poets who are his subject. His role was, from the beginning, that of middleman: it was Hall who arranged the poetry readings, who brought the car around, who made introductions, who interviewed Eliot and Pound for the *Paris Review*. Frost and Eliot expressed a polite if rather perfunctory interest in Hall's own poems; Thomas and Pound had never read them.

If Hall's book is short on anecdote, it is long on general reflections as to the "meaning" of poets' lives; not for nothing is his book subtitled *Reminiscences and Opinions*. His central thesis is that "The poet who survives is the poet to celebrate." "In our culture," he notes, "an artist's self-destructiveness is counted admirable, praiseworthy, a guarantee of sincerity. There seems to be an assumption. . . that it is natural to want to destroy yourself; that health is bourgeois or conventional." Hall deplores this cult of the suicidal artist. "Thomas," he declares, "was a minor poet, rather than a major one, because he was a drunk," whereas Eliot, Pound, and Frost survived heroically and therefore became great poets.

Hall is quite right, I think, to debunk the myth of art as self-destruction, a myth propagated by such studies as A. Alvarez's *The Savage God* (1972) and reinforced by the actual suicides of Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, and John Berryman. But I am not sure that Hall's own view of poetic "survival" is finally more satisfactory than the one he opposes.

Dylan Thomas, who Hall first heard read at Harvard in 1950, is seen as "a small unsmiling figure, huge belly, pudgy face, nose like the bulb on a Klaxon horn, chinless, red-faced, pop-eyed, curly-haired, with an expression at once frightened and insolent. Out of this silly body rolled a voice like Jehovah's, or Ocean's, or Firmament's." Hall was dazzled by Thomas's performance but dismayed by his penchant for looking down the dresses of Radcliffe undergraduates and using foul language. The portrait of Thomas that emerges from the memoir is that of a bullying, cowardly, sometimes charming, but wholly irresponsible genius who committed "public suicide" by drinking himself to death. But why was he a drunk? Because, Hall posits, he chose "suffering . . . as punishment for the sin of writing poems." Brought up by his mother "in a Welsh church of Devil and sin," he must have felt that "When he became a poet he joined the Devil's party."

This version of the poet's dilemma is, to say the least, questionable. Baudelaire, who believed fervently in Satan, took all sorts of drugs and yet wrote some of the greatest poems of the 19th century; Joyce, brought up on fire-and-brimstone sermons of the sort described in the *Portrait of the Artist*, drank a great deal but became, in Hall's terms, a heroic survivor; Lawrence, whose early religious training surely resembled that of Thomas, happened to have none of Thomas's vices. The point is, I think, that great artists somehow marshal their forces and preserve themselves from the total self-destruction of a Dylan Thomas because they know that there is work to be done. Quite possibly, Thomas became a drunk just because he knew in his heart of hearts that he was a minor poet, rather than the other way around. And indeed, Thomas's abortive career tells us more about the overwrought response of our culture to its image of THE POET than it does about the relationship of alcoholism to art.

Hall's speculations about Frost do not take us much further. Frost is presented neither as the Good Gray Bard of New England nor as the monster Lawrence Thompson made of him in his recent biography, but as a vain, peculiarly petty man who could also be very endearing. Hall skillfully describes Frost's astonishing need for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approval, his longing, even at the height of his fame, for total devotion from the crowd. Frost was competitive and aggressive, never letting anyone, not even Donald Hall the prep school boy, win a round. Here is Hall's explanation:

> *. . . he was a guilty man, and guilty over the wrongs he felt he had done to people he loved. . . . Therefore, perhaps he courted love,* any *love, even the kind he took from his Stanford audience, to assuage his conviction that he was* bad. *The need for love and applause was a need for forgiveness.*

This may well be the case, but it doesn't really tell us much about Frost's peculiar genius. Clearly, a man who achieved fame relatively late in life, having toiled and nearly lost all he had in order to achieve that fame, is going to demand love and approbation. But such a drive is hardly unique to Frost. One thinks of Williams, whose family life bears no resemblance to Frost's tragic one, but who also won fame late in life and then found the adulation of his young audience quite irresistible.

Hall's memoir of Eliot is scanty for Eliot was a very private person and in his few meetings with Hall, he revealed singularly little. Hall has, however, a "psychological notion" about Eliot, a notion admittedly based only on second-hand knowledge of the poet. He argues that Eliot's "bad marriage" to Vivien Haigh-Wood "was crucial to Eliot's poetry," that she was "blessing and curse, Muse and death's head." Eliot married a "death-muse" because his mother was a poet, and "To marry the Mother is at the same time wholly forbidden and wholly desirable." So he posits, "Eliot married Vivien in order to be impotent, to suffer, and to write poems."

Against this Freudian banality, I would set Lyndall Gordon's well-informed and careful account of Eliot's disastrous marriage in *Eliot's Early Years* (Oxford, 1977). The evidence about Eliot's personal life is, as everyone knows, not yet in, but we do know, from Vivien's diaries and Eliot's letters, that the poet was evidently a virgin when he married at the age of 26, that he was genuinely smitten by Vivien's charm, that the revelation of his subsequent impotence was a deep shock both to himself and to his wife, and that far from being the catalyst that plunged him into the writing of poetry, this terrible marriage almost prevented Eliot from writing at all. "Prufrock," surely one of Eliot's greatest poems, was written before he met Vivien: *The Waste Land* was written during his recovery from mental breakdown at Lausanne, away from his wife; *Four Quartets* was composed after he and Vivien had formally separated. From all accounts, Eliot did, as Hall notes, find

Dylan Thomas Courtesy of The Bettmann Archive

happiness and peace in his short-lived second marriage, but to conclude that "The price men and women pay for being artists, Eliot paid when he was middle aged. He wrote great poems; then he set out . . . to make a good death, and made one," is to rationalize a life that surely had no such plan and to trivialize art. Hall's assumption that artists must "pay a price"—whether that price is a hopeless marriage (Eliot) or alcoholism (Thomas) or the suicide of one's children (Frost)—ignores two very simple facts: (1) even non-artists tend to pay "a price" for whatever it is they achieve in their lives; and (2) generalizations about "the sufferings of the artist" are always dangerous, for artists are, finally, as different from one another as they are from the rest of us.

The same Romantic assumptions govern the Pound memoir. Hall met Pound when he was sent down to Rome in 1960 to interview him for the *Paris Review:* he was apprehensive about meeting the "difficult" Ezra Pound but found to his surprise that Pound was lonely, sweet, shy, generous (he bought the Hall children *gelati* from an ice cream parlor!), and totally unpredictable. Gay and talkative one minute, he lapsed the next into stony silence or collapsed on his sofa-bed as if he had just suffered a stroke. Such sudden "attacks" as well as the fabled silence of Pound's last years lead Hall to conclude:

> *The hell in Ezra Pound's chest had to do with Mary, with Dorothy, with Olga, and with others. . . . At the end of the lives of our great poets, the domestic life is a desert of anguish—perhaps on account of choices made for the sake of the self and its passion and its poetry, choices which in the retrospect of old age appear destructive and cruel. . . . [Pound] returned to his personal Inferno, a hell constructed by the arrogance and madness of his middle age.*

This is a dramatic cautionary tale but the facts don't support it. Hugh Kenner remarked in a recent interview that although the European physicians who treated Pound could not agree on a diagnosis, there is no doubt that Pound's health collapsed in 1959-1960, just at about the time when Hall conducted the interview. The decline began with a prostate operation the previous year, and, according to one diagnosis, the blood supply to the brain was getting impaired and causing difficulties in memory.

The 74-year-old poet was, in other words, a very sick man. His "personal Inferno," as Hall melodramatically calls it, is at least as attributable to physical as to psychological causes. Nor should we make too much of Pound's "cruelty" to Dorothy Pound and Olga Rudge, both of whom were quite willing to do anything for him, Dorothy accompanying him to St. Elizabeth's and Olga caring for him day and night during the final years in Venice. One could turn the tables on Hall and ask how many men, whether poets or not, have had a wife and mistress as devoted as Dorothy and Olga, or a daughter as loving as Mary de Rachelwitz?

If Hall's theorizing repeatedly flounders, as I think it does, it is perhaps because his set of memoirs is only ostensibly about Thomas, Frost, Eliot, and Pound. Hall's real subject is himself, as his conclusion "Gladness and Madness" reveals. "Artists of vast ambition seldom die happy," Hall announced, leaving us to wonder who it is that does die happy. "Most people," he continues, "avoid [the poet's] despair at

"IRVING HOWE in the *New York Times Book Review* quickly and daintily concedes that [Allen Weinstein's book] *Perjury* looks pretty convincing, but also refuses to commit himself: 'If innocent, Hiss has fought with great courage to clear his name. If guilty, he is still more remarkable. Who in modern times has shown so unbending a will, so great a readiness to stay with a public role that can bring only grief?' (Anita Bryant?)"

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. R-5, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end of life by following simple maxims: don't be ambitious; take it easy; be a *good* father, mother, citizen. . . ." But the poet can't take this way out. "You will never be any good as a poet unless you arrange your life and your values in the hope of writing great poems—always knowing . . . that you may well have 'messed up your life' for nothing."

Here Hall gives himself away. Throughout the book, he has been assuming, rather naively, that poets "arrange their lives and values in the hope of writing great poems," evidently because this is what he himself did. An extraordinarily precocious boy, Hall "decided to become a poet" at 14. By the time he was 16, he had already published poems in Little Magazines; later he was an editor of the Harvard *Advocate* and won an important fellowship to Oxford. He became a well-known anthologist, editor, interviewer, and critic—a genuine man of letters. But I think it is not unfair to say that, despite all his "arranging," Hall has not lived up to his early poetic promise.

Perhaps this doesn't matter. Hall himself insists: "This book records a portion of my education. Whether my own poems look worthy in retrospect is irrelevant: I grew up as a poet, for better or worse, among other poets." But Hall's evaluations of his poetic fathers suggest that the status of his own poems is not, after all, irrelevant. He longs to convince us that the aspiring poet cannot help but "mess up a part of his own life or the lives of others"—"for the selfish sake" of his art. He believes, in short, that the aspiration toward greatness—his own aspiration—is in itself admirable; the sufferings it may cause others or himself are justified so long as he endures, survives, dares to continue.

Such Romantic glorification of the poet's enterprise (as distinct from the production of good poems) is perhaps just as misguided as the cult of self-destruction. *Remembering Poets* is an oddly dispiriting book for it demonstrates, quite unwittingly, that becoming a poet is one thing, and wanting and *planning* to become one, quite another. As for "literary gossip," one wishes that Donald Hall had chosen to give us some juicy tales about the poets of his own time and place. "John Ashbery, Kenneth Koch, and Frank O'Hara at the Harvard *Advocate*"—there is a literary memoir I should like to read.

Marjorie Perloff

Marjorie Perloff is professor of English at the University of Southern California, and the author of *Rhyme and Meaning in the Poetry of Yeats* (Humanities).

The Theater Essays of Arthur Miller
edited by Robert A. Martin

(Viking; $15)

At a moment when realism is reasserting itself as the dominant mode in the theater of our time, one looks back to the refreshing candor of those important plays Arthur Miller wrote in the decade following the Second World War. Disdaining the absurd, the bizarre, and the strictly experimental, Miller's work of that period pursued instead "the art of the present tense." Society, not metaphysics, occupied center stage. The fate of Miller's hero was social and concrete, the consequences of his actions moral and ethical. In a world in which all values were shifting and unstable, Miller dramatized fundamental questions of right and wrong.

It is entirely appropriate, then, to consider works like *Death of a Salesman, All My Sons, Incident at Vichy* and *The Crucible* in the light of the new realism. For though the current crop of American playwrights is endlessly adept at authentically rendering isolated pieces of experience, a generation ago Miller succeeded in theatricalizing experience itself. Time was on his side. Survivors of a depression as well as a world war, Miller's contemporaries skidded perilously into the quagmires of McCarthyism and Nixonism. "There is work to be done," he wrote in the scoundrel time of a new witch-hunt. "This is no time to go to sleep." He took responsibility rather than guilt for his major theme. Impatient with an art that pretends it can exist for its own sake, Miller developed a mature style in which social values coincide with dramatic ones. History in this context suddenly becomes histrionic itself. For in the Ibsen tradition, realism has a purpose and an aim far beyond the craftsmanship of scenic and structural detail. Meaning, the elusive content of so much post-modernist literature, is in this playwright's hands "the ultimate reward for having lived."

This handsome collection of theater essays comes at a most opportune time, for it serves to remind us that the realistic method Miller adopted has as its basis not merely a way of saying something, but something to say. Miller quickly learned this lesson during his undergraduate years at the University of Michigan. Winner of two prestigious Hopwood Awards, he began to evaluate the possibilities of dramatic form while still a student in Ann Arbor. His first play, *No Villain*, was written in six days during spring vacation in 1936. The next year he took the course in playwriting taught by Professor Kenneth T. Rowe. There he studied how to give ideas dramatic shape and there he became convinced that the theater is *the* place for ideas:

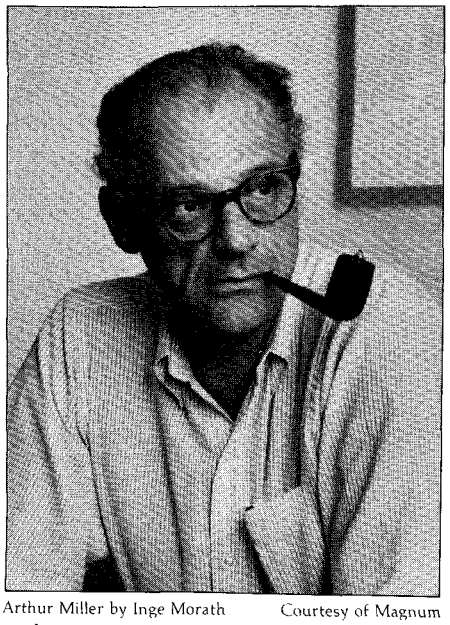
> *In all my plays and books I try to take settings and dramatic situations from life which involve real questions of right and wrong. Then I set out, rather implacably and in the most realistic situations I can find, the moral dilemma and try to point a real, though hard, path out. I don't see how you can write anything decent without using the question of right and wrong as the basis.*

Miller resolved to make his mark on the New York stage in the spirit of American pragmatism. "Wonder," he wrote in the introduction to the *Collected Plays*, "must have feet with which to walk the earth." Integrating new theatrical mechanics into the set for *Death of a Salesman*, he made the past literally simultaneous with the present in a practical dramatic solution above and beyond formalism. The staging of Willy Loman's psyche, his frustrated hopes and his unfulfilled dreams, could then strike his audience with astonishing immediacy and clarity. Though the plot of this famous play is naturalistic, the tone is symbolic as reality becomes the substance of myth. Willy Loman is the American Everyman somewhere between the pathetic and the tragic. His story, we recognize, is our own.

John Gassner and Joseph Wood Krutch pounced on poor Willy by stating unequivocally that his was a situation of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathos, not tragedy. One simply did not write tragedy about broken refrigerator fan belts. Miller's response was the spate of newspaper articles reprinted in this volume, defending the dignity of contemporary—albeit proletarian—man. Somewhere Aristotle gets mixed up in the turmoil and the affair develops into a *cause célèbre* between artist and critic, the latter coming off, as usual, to very great disadvantage. Audiences all over the world have paid tribute to the essential integrity of the Loman hero in countless productions, not the least of which was the Broadway premiere starring Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock. Miller now admits that he has written far too much on the academic subject of tragedy, and readers of these essays will be quick to agree. Miller's most eloquent statement on this subject is the play itself, that "unsingable heartsong the ordinary man may feel but never utter." The controversy surrounding the academic reception of the play in 1949 pales into insignificance when we measure the brouhaha against the audience's continuing fascination with this work in performance.



Arthur Miller by Inge Morath Courtesy of Magnum

Miller's accomplishment in the theater, his evocation of a drama which "ought to make sense to common-sense people," places him firmly in the tradition of Elmer Rice, Clifford Odets, and Lillian Hellman. All of them use the theater to examine the conflicts involved in being this new thing called a modern American, and all of them see the theater as a serious business, "one that makes or should make man more human, which is to say, less alone." It is this ability to specify a universal in very dramatic particulars that has given such maturity to the American theater these writers have helped to create. To them the European avant-garde had little appeal. Its methods were too oblique and its contingencies too dependent on the formally abstract. Americans needed a 20th century drama as forceful and practical as themselves. Miller plays a crucial role in this making of a new American drama, for his work takes root on native grounds. Handling issues rather than ideas, he dramatizes in play after play the societal implications of our own individual actions.

What makes Miller's essays important, then, is their mixture of praxis and esthetics. On this level Miller has much to say not only about playwriting, but about the situation the American theater faces today. Having witnessed at close range one of the series of crises plaguing Lincoln Center, his evaluations of government versus private sponsorship of the arts pose questions we have still failed to reconcile with any degree of satisfaction. And his impressions of the power critics wield in the New York theater are likely to strike sympathetic ears among those of us concerned with dramatic art as opposed to publicity. One is also impressed with Miller's stand on McCarthyism. Less strident and certainly less bitter than Hellman, Miller offers us sanity and hope. In his articles of that period he was consistent and courageous, saying in print those things that very much needed to be said. He emerges from a dark age with his humanism very much intact.

It is this same old-fashioned humanism, so desperately struggling to make a comeback at a time when so many of us are reluctant to take any stand at all, that distinguishes Miller's decisiveness in the theater from those works written by a younger generation of American playwrights. For Miller's plays confront us not only with observations, but with options. The human consequences of the choices we make in everyday life have always been at the center of his dramatic conflict. Miller's dramaturgy poses the question, "How does man make of the outside world a home?" It is a question that needs not only asking, but answering as well. It is also a question that the new American playwrights will have to consider, if they are to bring about an effective rebirth of theatrical realism.

Enoch Brater

Enoch Brater is an associate professor of English at the University of Michigan, where he teaches courses in modern drama.

In the New, Spring/1978 issue of:

dissent

Another Day, Another Three Thousand Dollars:
(Executive Rip-Off in Corporate America)
by Paul Blumberg

•

Terror in Italy: Red and Black
by Alberto Ronchey

•

Carter Economics: Same Mixture
by Robert Leckachman

•

On Religion and Socialism
by Erazim Kohak

•

The Problem of Pornography: A discussion with: Murray Hausknecht, Lionel Abel, George P. Elliot, Cynthia F. Epstein, Irving Howe and David Spitz

Plus other features, book reviews etc.

$2.50 a copy **$10** annual sub.

Dissent
505 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10017

Please send me the Spring/1978 issue of your magazine for which I enclose $2.50, or (I enclose $10 for annual subscription starting with the Spring/1978 issue).

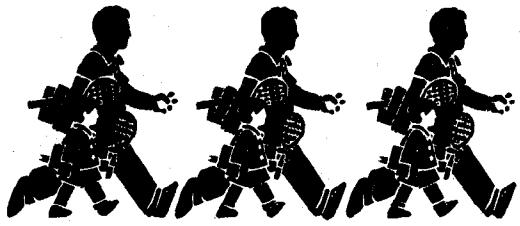
Name: _____
(please print)

Street: _____

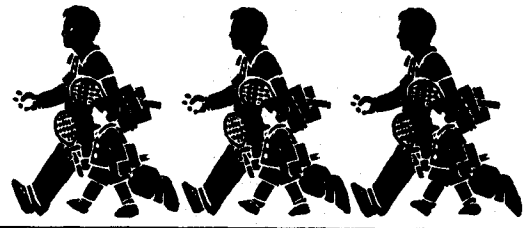
City: _____

State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP & SCHOOL DIRECTORY



Schools, Colleges and Universities

MEDICAL SCHOOL ADMISSIONS

may hold the answer to medical reform. This new admissions program works on Merit, not credentials. For information, please contribute $25 (students $10) to: *Medical Admissions Program* (MAP), Box 1147, Claremont, New Hampshire 03743. Premeds: Maybe we can help each other.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY'S GRADUATE SUMMER SCHOOL, a liberal studies program for teachers, librarians, and other life-long learners. Twenty-sixth annual Summer School, July 5 - August 18, 1978. Study for either the MALS or CAS degree, or join us for a single summer of personal and professional enrichment. Full social and cultural program on a pleasant New England campus. For catalog, write: Graduate Summer School, Box GSS, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, 06457.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week *nonpolitical, non-profit exchange visits to the* USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations, Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 18 E. 41st Street, New York, New York 10017. (212) 889-7960.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, *Cuernavaca, Mexico.*

Instruction

HOME STUDY COURSE IN ECONOMICS.

A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free: small charge for materials. Write to *Henry George Institute,* 55W. 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036

WOODTURNING SCHOOL

A TWO-DAY COMPREHENSIVE PROGRAM. Learn and practice bowl and spindle woodturning techniques at our workshop in southeastern Vermont. Beginners or experienced turners welcome; program adapted to your needs. Send 20¢ for details to: Russ Zimmerman, RFD 3, Putney, Vermont 05346.

FASTEST, EASIEST *piano course in history!* Uses patented American invention! *Information:* Box 751-RM, *La Canada, California* 91011.

A LEARNING VACATION! Study art, crafts, writing—Nationally recognized staff. Truro Center for the Arts, Truro, Massachusetts, 02666 (Cape Cod).

EXPEDITIONS FOR THE SPIRIT. 14 and 28 day meditative, canyoneering expeditions in the Chihuahuan Desert. Desert Dance, Box 77, Terlingua, Texas 79852.

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL

Bachelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 69922, Oakland, California 94612.

Summer Camps

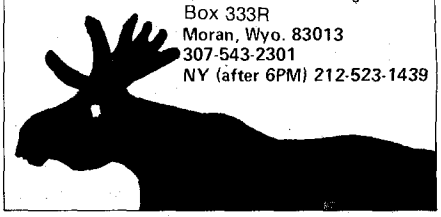
OPERATING CAMP FOR SALE

Lexington/Staunton, Virginia area. Complete in-outdoor equipment for over 200 on 100+ acres. *Woods, Mountains,* lake, creek, large pool, gym, many cabins, other buildings. Excellent reputation and profitable. Good market for all seasons. Owner financing.
Broker: Box 17193, Washington, D.C. 20041.

OVER-WEIGHT
GIRLS and BOYS
7 TO 17 IF YOU WANT TO LOSE 5 OR 50 LBS.
CAMP SHANE
Box 104 • FERNDALE, N.Y. 12734
914-292-4644

Wilderness Ventures

Backpacking • Mountaineering • Rafting •
8 week trips. East to Rockies & Northwest. Small *co-ed groups, ages 14-18. 6th year.*
Mike & Helen Cottingham
Box 333R
Moran, Wyo. 83013
307-543-2301
NY (after 6PM) 212-523-1439



Buck & Beaver Camp

"A Balanced Program In A Wildlife Haven"
85 miles from NYC in the Poconos
70 Boys & Girls • 7 to 14 years
Riding • Equitation • Tennis • Sailing
Canoe Trips • Pioneering • Drama
Non-Competitive Sports • Archery
Photography • Darkroom • Journalism
4 weeks $550 8 weeks $1,050
Call Mrs. Jacobson (717) 296-6879 or write Box 282 Shohola Falls, Pa. 18458
American Camping Assn Accredited Camp

Western Door Wilderness School

A school of the philosophy of the wild, ... of discovery of ... of sensitivity to ... of the physical challenge of ... the wilderness experience.

A school teaching wilderness, athletic and camp skills, but not exclusively a skills school. A school devoted to helping students expand and discover their limitations, but not exclusively a motivational school.

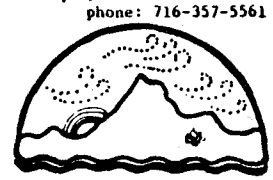
Wilderness courses offered include backpacking-watercoloring the Uinta mountains in Utah, a course exclusively for women in Allegheny National Forest in the East, canoeing the Allagash in Maine, hiking in January in Utah's Canyonlands, ski touring in the spring, homesteading and mountaineering in the summer.

The curriculum is at once varied but basic, sometimes enlightening, sometimes demanding, always strengthening.

SEND FOR A BROCHURE TODAY

172 N Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103
phone: 801-322-5381

Box 534, 17 South Avenue
Chautauqua, New York 14722
phone: 716-357-5561



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Classifieds

Personals

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New. Information: Dept. NR, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania 18036.

WIDOW, ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, young-at-heart. Would like to meet male, sixtyish. Enjoy music, politics, sports, travel. Baltimore, D.C. area. The New Republic Box 8780.

PERSONABLE INTELLIGENT male professional to meet sincere, healthy female. I'm 44 and live in San Diego. The New Republic Box 8785.

A HANDSOME, YOUNG law graduate feels insecure; needs a wife. Write Allan, 2430 Penn. Ave., N.W., #707, Washington, D.C. 20037.

TAX SHELTER 9/1 writeoff, simple, legal, Box 9145, Riviera Beach, Florida 33404.

LONELY? Find a friend - use the classifieds!

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

FOR CLOSE ENCOUNTERS of the nicest kind. Couples-Singles. Contact Plamates International. Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402. (717) 848-1408.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE. Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

LONELY! Meet new singles. Write: World, Box 3876-REP, San Diego, California, 92103.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

Et Cetera

HELP DEFEAT WAYNE HAYS

. . . Keep Wayne L. Hays from returning to public office. Ed Sargus, former aide to Sen. Howard Metzenbaum, needs your $$$$ help. Sargus is Hays' chief opponent in crowded Democratic Primary. Hays already has $35,000. Please send contributions to "Citizens for Sargus" 308 Main Street, Bridgeport, Ohio 43912.

WANT FARMLAND IN NORTHEAST VIRGINIA for retirement/survival. Brown: (301) 272-3884.

ALABAR CATTERY now taking reservations for typey show potential Red Persian kittens (Born 2/24/78). GR. CH. lines. For additional information: The New Republic Box 8710.

CUSTOM-MADE FURNITURE of the rarest beauty. RESTORATIONS. B. Huddlestun Furniture Design, 4228 Howard Avenue, Kensington, Maryland 10795. Showroom open Fridays, Saturdays. Otherwise by appointment (301) 946-8468.

"A MATTER OF INTERE$T"

Personal Finances Interest Rate Book. 128 pages, covers mortgages, loans, savings. Passport sized, handsome grained cover. $2.00 - Step One Publications, Box 2133 TNR, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20760.

INVESTMENT ANALYSIS and Advice plus monthly newsletter on Investments, stocks, and commodities. $15 per year. Pegasus Investment, 7 Spicer Road, Suffern, New York. 10901.

WORLD RENOWN PSYCHIC to answer all problems. Send details, preferably palm print and $5 donation to aide cost of expanded program. SUSAN, c/o 16015 Martinsville Road, Belleville, Michigan 48111.

RELIABLE TNR INTERN, good with pets and plants, would like to house-sit for summer. Washington, D.C. area. The New Republic Box 8790.

CONTROL YOUR LIFE! Understand your Biorhythms. Make them work for you. Easy to use, computerized chart. One year program $7.95 and birthdate. BioPlan, Box 833-32 A. Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

PSYCHIC CAN BEWITCH (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding. Write requests, donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. Jamil, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

Employment Opportunities

MEDIA SPECIALIST

Activist minority organization looking for skilled, committed, and creative Media Specialist. Must be able to work with parents and travel. Must be experienced in print and electronic media. For more information, contact Nancy De La Rosa/Chicano Education Project, Denver, Colorado, *(303) 922-6371.*

R & D POSITIONS, NATIONALLY. Ph.D's Chemistry, Ch. E., Physics. Chemical Executive Search. 6800 Main, Houston, Texas 77030. (713) 522-8511.

Organizations

MAKE YOUR OPINION COUNT. Vote on vital issues that affect your life. For details contact National Opinion Poll, Dept. H, 30 N. San Pedro Road, San Rafael, California 94903. Or call toll-free 800-227-1731 (in California 800-772-3370.)

The PALESTINE HUMAN RIGHTS CAMPAIGN will hold a **NATIONAL CONFERENCE:** PALESTINIAN HUMAN RIGHTS AND PEACE on May 20-21, 1978 at the American University-Ward Bldg.-Washington, D.C.
Further information:
Palestine Human Rights Campaign
1322 18th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 296-5089
Pre-registration requested: $10.

Business Opportunities

BECOME A PUBLISHER—order "How to Start Your Own Community Newspaper," by John McKinney. NY Times says: "Covers every conceivable facet of weekly newspaper publishing." $9.95 from Meadow Press, Box 35-R, Port Jefferson, New York 11777. 15-day money-back guarantee.

NEWSPAPER FOR SALE

In San Francisco; 50,000 circulation. $100,000 will handle. William Scanlon, 405 Lakeshire Drive, Daly City, California, 94015. Established 1960. Contact owner after 6 p.m. (415) 992-1934 weekdays.

FOR SALE

Historic general store near Washington, D.C. Includes apartment, space for second store, half acre. Call (202) 966-1766.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

Good Causes

ALLEVIATING WORLD HUNGER

1978 can be a significant year for World Hunger if two measures can be taken. First the formation of an Emergency Food Reserve that would be part of an international coordinated Reserve System. This would be a government owned Emergency Reserve apart from a National Reserve that serves the security of the country and price stabilization - both Reserves allowing the American Farmer an equitable return on investment. The Second measure to be taken is a Nutritional Impact Study on the operation of U.S. Corporations in food deficit developing nations that needed reforms may be initiated allowing food crops for a more nutritional diet of the native population be given a higher priority over cash crops. These reforms would also require an international cooperation of other investment countries and internal reforms of some countries to feed the native population better as a major policy goal.

PEACE SEMINAR to Soviet Union for disarmament and detente discussions will occur August 6 - 27. Tour to Cuba October 7 - 21. Applications are welcome. Contact Promoting Enduring Peace, Box 103, Woodmont, Connecticut, 06460.

WORLD DEMOCRACY, THE RATIONAL ALTERNATIVE! Send $5 for Constitution For Federation Of Earth and plan for provisional world parliament (60¢ pp) plus sample copy Across Frontiers bulletin. WCPA, 1480 Hoyt Street, Room 31, Lakewood, Colorado, 80215.

When an AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free (800) 545-6843.

SEND YOU LOVE OVERSEAS! You can become a Foster Parent to a little boy or girl for $19 a month—and learn the child's name, receive a photograph, a detailed case history, and exchange letters. For information, write: Foster Parents Plan, 158-B Pian Way, Warwick, Rhode Island 02887 or call toll free 800-327-8912.

STOP MICROWAVE POLLUTION. The Cape Cod Coalition seeks contributions to support injunctive suit against USAF radar facility on Cape Cod. Your support is critical to insure a negligible health or environmental impact. Box 882, Provincetown, Massachusetts, 02657.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Interest to Women

EVE'S GARDEN - a sexuality boutique and bookshop created by women for women. Free *Catalog*. 246 East 51st Street, Dept. NR, New York, New York 10022.

Literature

FREE SAMPLE. The New International Review, a new quarterly journal of democratic socialist theory—economics, history, political theory. P.O. Box 163, Rosedale, New York 11422.

FOUR INVALUABLE GUIDES for all people seeking some kind of financial support. HOW TO GET MONEY FOR EDUCATION, $5.95. HOW TO GET MONEY FOR ARTS, DRUG ABUSE, HEALTH, $5.95. HOW TO GET MONEY FOR ELDERLY, HANDICAPPED, WOMEN, CIVIL LIB, $7.95. HOW TO GET MONEY FOR CONSERVATION AND COMMUNITY, $5.95. Include $1.00 postage/handling. Please specify your choice(s). Send check or money order to: Chilton Books, Department B-2, Radnor, Pennsylvania 19089.

THE NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: A Journal of Civility and the Arts—a unique cultural review, devoted to the maintenance of standards, values, and civilized virtues in an uncongenial age. Bimonthly, $9.00/year. 15 Burchfield Avenue, Department R., Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

CHARLES KERR is America's oldest socialist publisher. Send for list. Box 914, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

WRITE FOR PROFIT!

National publications on the look-out for fresh, new writing talent- your chance to cash in on the hidden ability *you know you have!*

My step-by-step cassettes tell you how to turn simple paragraphs into full-length articles that SELL! Learn a proven technique from a top "pro"... start making money; recognition you've dreamed of! For FREE information, write: WRITER'S WORKSHOP, 412 S. Lyon St., P.O. Box 10300-NR, Santa Ana, CA 92711

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Literary Services

BOOKFINDER. Foreign books only, reasonable rates. The Bibliophile, 2057 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11229.

ANY SUBJECT RESEARCHED, Library of Congress, etc. $12 per hour; American Research Center, Department R, P.O. Box 32352, Washington, D.C. 20007.

WELCOME UNPUBLISHED AUTHORS, unsolicited manuscripts! New agency of writers for writers. No fees, no SASE. 10% on sales. Novels, nonfiction books, articles, short stories, poetry, scripts, plays. Send your writing. Report two weeks. O Rocinante Literary Group, Hollister, Missouri 65672.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dep. RZQ 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. BK, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

Intentional Communities

COOPERATIVE COLLEGE COMMUNITY, nascent group of academics, artisans, artists, combining to build educational community, seeks members. P.O. Box 299, Harvard Square Station, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

T-Shirts

BEETHOVEN

Historical T-Shirts, etc.

Virginia Woolf, Joyce, Tolkien, Hemingway, Dickens, Proust, George Sand, Colette, Jane Austen, Poe, Dickinson, Thoreau, Nabokov, Anais Nin, Melville, Twain, G.B. Shaw, Brecht, Kafka, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, A. Christie, Einstein, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Vivaldi, Handel, Brahms, Chopin, Wagner, Mahler, Ives, Wittgenstein, Nietzsche, Jung, Freud, Reich, Darwin, Mao, Marx, Russell, Plato, Earhart, Escoffier, Frank L. Wright, Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Nijinsky, Tutankhamun.

T-Shirts: white $6.50ea., 4/$22. red or blue: $8.ea., 4/$28. **Sweatshirts** (gray): $12ea., 2/$21. cotton. sizes sm(34-36) med(38-40) lg(42-44) xlg(46-48) allow for shrinkage. **Totes**(nat. canvas): $9.50ea., 2/$18 **Cook's Apron** (white): $8.ea., 2/$14. prices ppd. CANADIAN *customers add $1.00 per piece.*

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS Box 220C Cambridge, MA 02138

Toys/Games

"DIABOLIQUE" - Devilishly frustrating "easy" quiz. Informative, entertaining. Challenge yourself, family, friends. $2.00 P.O. Box 104, East Walpole, Massachusetts 02032.

FORGET THE EPITAPHS. Our best-seller with the banned name (appeal pending) lives as ANTI, the Trustbuster's Game. And we are giving General Mills, owner of Monopoly who sued us, even more competition with CHOICE, the Competition or Monopolism Game. Carries forward the monopoly folkgame's anti-monopolistic tradition (our expose is in the New Yorker, 2/13/78) with a revolutionary idea made possible only by computer technology. Check your store or National Games, 1301 Third Avenue, Mankato, Minnesota 56001.

Bumperstickers

COMMENTATOR'S KIT: "No Comment," "Ouch!", "Cope!", "Meditate," "Pray" - 2/$1.50; 5/$3.70. The WRY Idea, San Diego, California 92122.

"BROWN's THE ONE" BUMPERSTICKERS, BUTTONS, 2/$1. Matchbooks - 50/$2. Box 762, 681 Ellis, San Francisco, California 94109.

GAG PARKING TICKETS! Let the culprits know—*thoughtless parking is hard on folks.* Humorous message. Eye-catching. (Satisfaction Guaranteed.) 10/$1. 25/$2. Order now. Harveys, 505 Clearview, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

DO YOU HAVE A GREAT RECIPE? Tell others about it through the classifieds!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Pay for 2 ads - get #3 FREE!

Classified Information

IT'S NO SECRET

that TNR classifieds produce the results you're looking for. With a small additional investment, you can brighten your response even more with an eye-catching BOLD FACED HEADLINE, SIGNATURE or ILLUSTRATION!

I'll brighten up my ad:

- ☐ BOLD HEADLINE — $5 plus 70¢ per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE — $10 plus 70¢ per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET — $25 plus 70¢ per word (photo encl.)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED — 70¢ per word

(TNR Box Numbers - $4.50 extra)

See frequency rates next page.

Advanced payment enclosed $ _____

Please run my ad _____ times.

My ad reads: _____

Copy deadline 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Health

INTO JOGGING, weightlifting, general fitness? Physical Fitness Newsletter Dept. 15, P.O. 195, Western Springs, Illinois 60558. Free copy.

Stationery

ASTROLOGY IS OUT!

"DIESOLOGY" IS IN! Learn which day of week you were born, receive unique personality data, notepad. Send date of birth (mo./date/yr.), $3.00 to: F. Finn, 414 Hampton Court, Falls Church, Virginia 22046.

ENGAGED IN HOME-OPERATED BUSINESS? Request our free sampler showing discount priced letterheads, envelopes, etc. Jacques Stationery, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

BUSINESS CARDS - (1,000) Raised Print, for $9.99. Send name, etc., check or m/o. No cash. To: Carew Printing, Commerce Building, Erie, Pennsylvania, 16501. Money Back Guarantee.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Gourmet/Cookery

ASTOUNDING RECIPE $2.00. Savory Shiskabob. 6107 Midwood Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin 53716.

EGGPLANT PARMIGIANE—Authentic Italian recipe with regional variations. Tips on ingredients, utensils. $1.00. Mancini, 16 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York 11217.

HOMEMADE BREADS

Delight guests. Recipes to make ahead - $2.00. Amy, Box 521, Harmony, Minnesota 55939.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

FREE CHEESE—Research project will give you $6 worth of imported cheeses free (your choice) for answering 1-page QUESTIONNAIRE on your personal cheese preferences and home eating habits. You must be U.S. citizen (must NOT be professional chef, taster, or food industry executive). For QUESTIONNAIRE write: World Cheese Information Bureau, Dept. 345-2, 1200 Shames Drive, Westbury, New York 11590.

MORE THAN A COCKTAIL party, easier than a dinner. Do-ahead New Orleans-style brunch for 12 or more. Complete instructions, $3. M. Kimling, P.O. Box 142, Plymouth, Michigan 48170.

Arts/Crafts

ISRAELI ART. Collect and invest in original signed and numbered lithographs by contemporary Israeli artists recognized worldwide, in major museums and collections. Free illustrated catalog. Lithos, Dept. NR1, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

OLD WILLS FROM ENGLAND. Framed. Anstock, 63 Marlborough Road, Stevenage, Hertfordshire.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Let us search for the antiques and collectibles of your dreams.

Diamonds to Faberge Easter Eggs, Japanese Samurai Swords to paintings by Winslow Homer

Third generation Fine Art Dealers will keep all requests in strictest confidence. No fees until you purchase.

Hartman Galleries, Ltd.
9685 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212
Telephone (213) 273-0185
Attention: Don Hartman

NEEDLEPOINT DOOR SIGN

$10.50. Child's room, office, your room. Approximately 3 x 5½. Specify color of lettering, wording (50¢ extra each letter over nine). $1.00 handling. Minnesota residents add 4% tax. ADINA OF EDINA, 5124 Grove, Edina, Minnesota 55436.

Music

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Authentic Reproductions. Finest Craftsmanship. Utmost Dependability. Catalog. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors, 10551 Victory Lane, N.E., Seattle, Washington 98125.

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage $1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-3, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacaton/Travel

EXOTIC TOUR - July 25—Russia, Siberia (Great Train Ride), week Mongolia, $2699. 22 days, all expenses. Newspaper Adventures, Bastrop, Louisiana 71220.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (Gently). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, eastern Ontario. Cottages, $80. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

FLOAT A WILDERNESS RIVER. Six-day whitewater raft trips on Idaho's Middle Fork and Salmon Rivers. Outdoor Adventures, 3109 Fillmore Street, San Francisco, California, 94123, (415) 922-9998.

ACADEMICS, DIPLOMATS, professional and business people let their London homes through George Knight & Partners (the specialist rental agents now in their 20th year of continuous service) to those of similar lifestyle coming from abroad. Ask for their illustrated brochure. 9 Heath Street, London. NW3 6TP. Telephone 01-794-1125.

JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE - Martinique, Grenada, Guadaloupe, Saba, under white sail. 6 informal days of beach combing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get away," 'barefoot' and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. Share from $295.00. Free adventure booklet. Write Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Dept. 051, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

ARIZONA: Secluded camping! Privately owned river-front paradise. Write: MacAllister, Box 697, Clarkdale, Arizona 86324.

WORLDWIDE HOME EXCHANGE FOR PROFESSIONALS - Exciting travel opportunities for licensed professionals and their families. Choose from many beautiful homes throughout U.S. and abroad, year-round. Reduce vacation costs. Request free brochure from Professional Courtesy NR 601 Beachview Drive, St. Simons Island, Georgia 31522.

FREE LUXURY WORLD TRAVEL. Simple Formula! $3. Wayfarers; Box 398 NR, Allenspark, Colorado 08510.

BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS - David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided. P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, P.R. Waterfront, sleeps six. Swimming, scuba, snorkeling, bicycling, fishing. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, New York 10708. (914) 961-6591, evenings.

'ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.

Return by Holy Land or Russia. 29th annual tour. See the Philippines, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Nepal, India, the Holy Lands, Athens, Rome. Optional tour via Afghanistan, Soviet Union. All transportation, meals, lodging. $3355. July 10th to August 10th. Write for brochure: Bryan World Tours, 19 Fairview Avenue, Clarion, Pennsylvania 16214.

Property Sale/Rent

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND. JUNE - AUGUST, 1978. 3 Bedroom furnished house near seafront, shops, buses. 1 hour London. $250 month. Jenkins, (812) 332-1949.

NANTUCKET ISLAND — Contemporary house, fully furnished. Near uncrowded, endless beaches. 6 miles from town. Weekly, monthly. (216) 721-2322 evenings; (216) 391-3885 days.

FURNISHED HOUSE, suburban Washington, D.C., Summer, 1978. $325/month. (703) 273-6783.

BEAUTIFUL SIERRA STREAM LAND—NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. Dramatic mountain setting. Two acre forested parcels. Primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting forest, privacy; electricity, year round paved access. Small, uniquely planned area, National Forest surrounding. Excellent swimming, fishing. Permanent homes or retreats. Adjacent pasture. Previous offerings; most sold New Republic respondents. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983.

LONDON TOWNHOUSE to rent starting August for six months to one year. Two baths, three-four bedrooms. Rent about $600/month. Reply to The New Republic Box 8720.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	**70¢**
Per word 6 times in one contract year	**65¢**
Per word 12 times in one contract year	**60¢**
Per word 24 times in one contract year	**55¢**
Per word 48 times in one contract year	**50¢**

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Saint Alive

Let me devote this diary to one man, very much a man of our times. He is one of the most interesting men alive today and, if I kept a personal diary, it would be filled with memories and thoughts of him. At 75, Malcolm Muggeridge has become what he despises, a celebrity. Even worse than that, he is a transatlantic one. People flock to hear him, to be scourged but not damned for their shortcomings. They buy each succeeding volume of his autobiography, whose length seems to prove the old adage that life is short but art is long. As one might expect of a celebrity, he has celebrated his three quarters of a century by offering 25 axioms, what *The New York Times* calls the 25 most important things he knows. They are a characteristic jumble of deeply held faith and tiresome religiosity, of a profound humanism which nevertheless is nervously anti-scientific, of wisdom and common sense but also of banality. Those of us who have been lucky enough to count him among the most endearing as well as joyous of friends can only smile and sigh at some of his apothegms—Oh! *Malcolm!*, one wants to say—but we can also catch now and then the haunted voice that sometimes seems to speak with heartache from deep inside him. "There is no such thing as darkness; only a failure to see": that comes from a man who has been in darkness. "A truly peaceful day from beginning to end is a great rarity in the world": there is more of a prayer in that than in many of his liturgies. These are aphorisms that come from his own inner experience—like those of Pascal, to whom he owes so much—deep below the mask of the celebrity and the clown.

He is of course a convert, not only to an almost militant form of Christianity, but from a *bon vivant* to a vegetarian, from a smoker to a non-smoker, from a drinker to an abstainer, and from something of a practitioner—as he would not deny—to an excoriator of lechery. It would be idle to pretend that his friends haven't found this total conversion not only eccentric but a little hard to take. When he was visiting Washington some years ago, someone asked him at dinner why he had abandoned all the earthly pleasures in which he had once revelled. "When one reaches my age," he said, "one must choose between suicide and sainthood. I have chosen sainthood." At this, Charles Wheeler of the BBC asked: "How is it coming, Malcolm?" It is easy to be merely indulgent of his oddities, but the whole man is much more interesting than that. He is entitled to claim, as in fact he has claimed, that his attitudes have been consistent; even if the consistency is hard to see.

First, the man. When he was the editor of *Punch*—one of the most improbable appointments in the history of English journalism—we used to call him "The Saint." From his own experience in the past, he knew that freelancers are poor, living from hand to mouth, and when they have written an article they need and expect to be paid for it. He perhaps carried his thoughtfulness and charity too far, running *Punch* as a system of outdoor relief for the writers he most liked and admired. One well-known writer once telephoned to ask him for an urgent loan of £20. When he went to the office, Malcolm just handed him an envelope, and then talked of this and that. When the writer left, he tore open the envelope, to find all of £100. No wonder the proprietors of *Punch* fired him. (It was said at the time that their real complaint was that he had actually succeeded in making *Punch* funny.) Each new editor of *Punch* carves his initials on the famous table at which the weekly editorial lunches are held. As he boldly carved MM, his penknife went through the table. "It was an omen, my dear boy," and the delighted laugh bubbled out. The kindness is what one holds most in mind—there are not many things more important than kindness—and his friends can forgive him a lot for it. If one would not like to hear what he says behind one's back, well, that is a small price to pay for the compassion he shows in practice. His wit and laughter are of course among the gifts of his company, but what one will always remember best are the long walks around the hopfields of his beloved Robertsbridge, when the pain of human life around him seemed to form all his words.

I emphasize his kindness and compassion, because otherwise one cannot make sense of the barbed savagery of his humor, and the personal malice with which he sometimes speaks, even of those who count themselves as his friends. In this he bears some resemblance to Swift, and to almost all of the great satirists, whose savagery is impelled by deep compassion. "I have never met a rich man who was happy, but I have only very occasionally met a poor man who did not want to become a rich man": that is vintage Muggeridge of course. But one must avoid the temptation to let its simplicity just slide by. It is the vanity of the poor man's ambition to be rich, even when he can see that this will not make him happy, that pains Muggeridge. When one is with him one often senses that he feels this pain physically until he gives vent to it with a verbal lash, wounding now and then perhaps more than he realizes.

He writes like an angel, it might be said, but argues like the devil. Start anything that he has written and one will not fail to finish it. And one will put it down with the relish of enjoyment, but also with a rankling of dissatisfaction. (I except his autobiography, a perfectly contrived work of art which so far fully lives up to its title, *Chronicles of Wasted Time*.) In the end, his criticism is shallow, and the reason is interesting, beyond his own case. His obsession is the difference between the appearance and reality of things, and he is persuaded that most of us are taken in too much by appearances, which may well be true but is not as true as he seems to think. The result of this obsession is that he himself too often sees only the appearances, since it is their lack of connection with reality that fascinates him. An obvious example some years ago was his almost paranoid attack on the royal family. I once went into his room at *Punch* to find him with all the morning papers laid out, each with a picture of Princess Anne as a little girl giving the royal handwave to a crowd. Malcolm pointed at the pictures with a quivering finger and denounced them with a quavering voice. Since the monarchy is now a thing only of appearances, it hardly deserves such indignation, but to Malcolm the appearance had become more real than the dull reality of modern royalty. I think that in this he is a representative figure of our times. Our culture is aflood with what we dignify as "social criticism," and the danger of this social criticism is that it attends only to appearances, while the real relationships of power stay unchanged.

H.F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IBM Reports

Information: a matter of life.

When firemen respond to a blaze in Wichita, Kansas, they are likely to know in advance if there are any invalids in the residence who will need special help. The fire department's computer system provides instant information about where any of 400 invalids in the city live—information that can be relayed to firemen while they are speeding to the fire.

A citizen with an emergency telephones the police department in Hampton, Virginia. A computer-based dispatch system, which helps police handle some 250 calls daily, brings patrolmen to the scene anywhere within a 54-square-mile area in an average of seven or eight minutes—half the time it formerly took.

A patient complaining of chest pains is admitted to a small hospital in a remote Texas community. Electrocardiogram tests are taken and the results transmitted to a medical center in Houston. A computer-analyzed report comes back in minutes. Proper treatment can begin at once.

Concerned action becomes possible

Increasingly, in communities throughout the nation, the difference between life and death or injury is the same: information...information made possible, and usable, by modern technology.

Information technology is IBM's business: providing products, from modern computers to advanced office systems, to record information, store it, process it, retrieve it and communicate it.

Declining costs spur wider use

There are hundreds of companies in the information technology industry, and they are constantly developing new and better products—driving down the cost of using information technology at a startling rate. For example, just 10 years ago, it cost $25 per month to store a million characters of information in an advanced IBM direct access storage system. Today it costs 50 cents.

It is this kind of progress that has made it practical for many more fire departments, police departments, hospitals and other organizations to take advantage of information technology and put it to use in new and caring ways.

In its research, and in the stream of products that flows from that research, IBM is searching for—and finding—still better ways to help put information to work for people.

IBM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll have to take these for the rest of my life. Thank God."

MAY 2 1978
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

by Sy Levin.

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the cost effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

My doctor discovered it about six months ago. Today it's very much under control, thanks to a small tablet I take daily.

It's an expense and another daily "must," but when my doctor explained the alternatives, I knew I was ahead of the game.

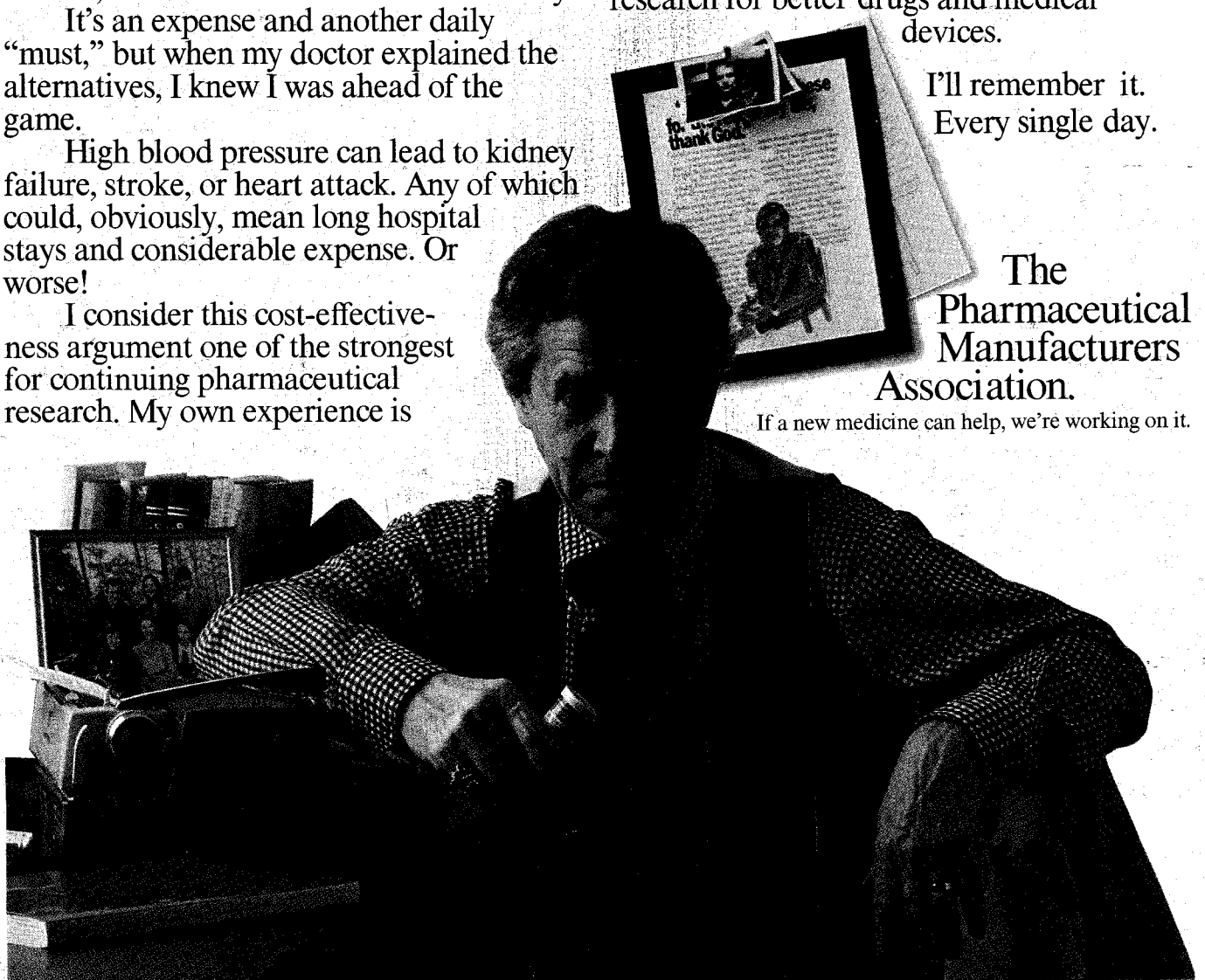
High blood pressure can lead to kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack. Any of which could, obviously, mean long hospital stays and considerable expense. Or worse!

I consider this cost-effectiveness argument one of the strongest for continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it.
Every single day.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

Write for "Drugs and Devices: Tomorrow's Life and Cost Savers." PMA, Dept. NE-805; 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W.; Wash., D.C. 20005

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED